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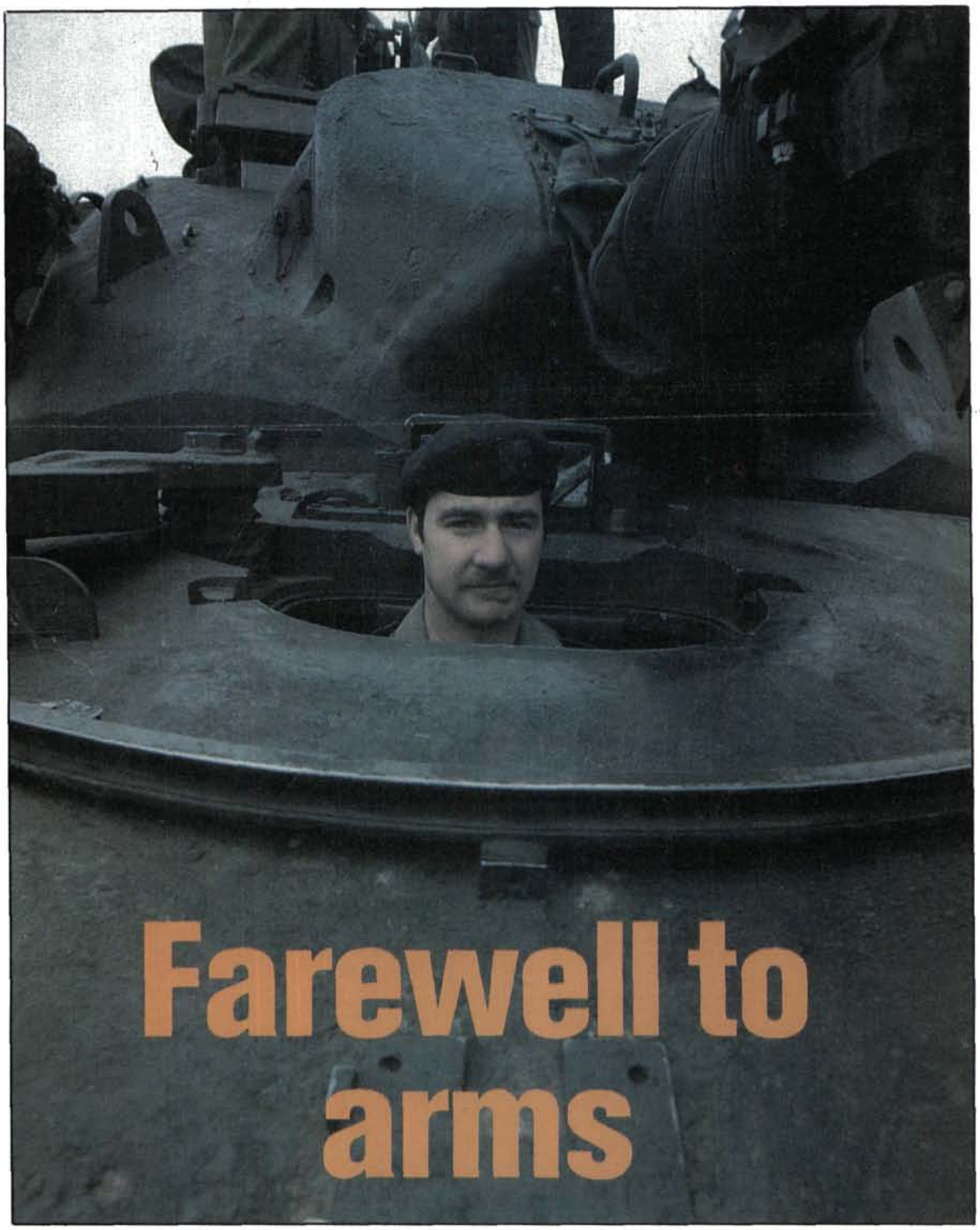

Farewell to arms

James Kelman: the milking of Glasgow

Janice Galloway's bloody story

R W Johnson: the Stalinists in South Africa

Angela Neustatter: men wrongly accused of rape

"We're treated like shit that's been left on the doorstep. No one wants to touch us."

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The Sunday Telegraph

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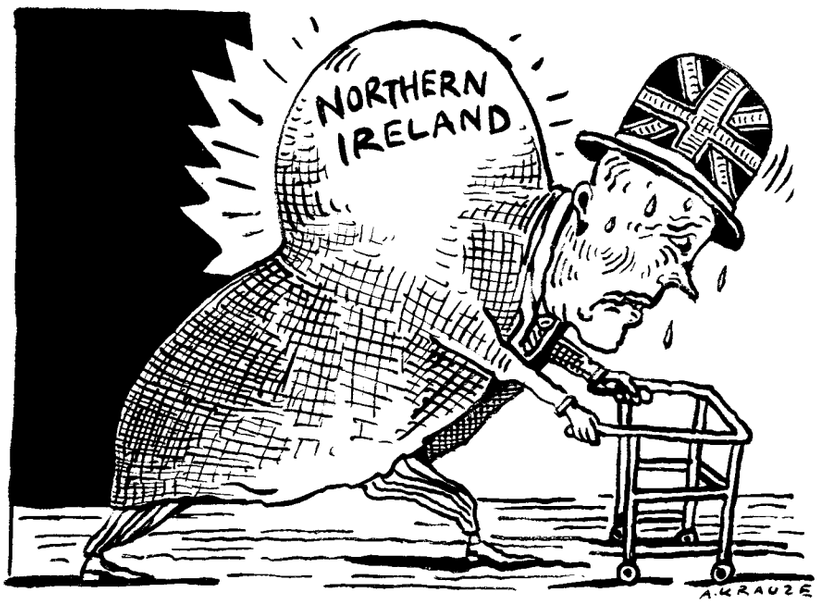
Heart of the Union

The IRA murdered Ian Gow believing it was killing British Unionism—but this is politically already a spent force



Ian Gow was one of the last of an almost extinct breed. He was—very nearly—the last British Unionist. The party to which he belonged is still officially known as Conservative and *Unionist*. We usually forget this; but then the party itself has virtually lost sight of it too. The last truly important Tory to devote himself to the Union was Enoch Powell, and he did so fully only after he had left the party and became MP for South Down.

Hardly a single prominent Tory today feels any deep attachment to Northern Ireland. Defence of the Union stirs almost no backbench hearts, animates only a tiny handful of constituency activists, motivates almost no one in the Tories' electorate. Many Conservative MPs see the province in rather the way Reginald Maudling notoriously did when he first visited it as its new secretary of state in 1970: "What a bloody awful country. Give me a stiff drink."

Ian Gow's views and attitudes were different. He may have been no thinker or statesman, and only an MP at the very front of the second rank, but he was, until his death, far the best spokesman for British Unionism. Those who are left are an ageing, mediocre and mostly unpleasant little bunch. No election since 1979 has brought them new recruits. Their nearest thing to an effective spokesman now is Nicholas Budgen; who is *not* a very near thing. The decline of British Unionism made the Anglo-Irish Agreement possible; and makes hope for a future constitutional settlement thinkable.

Unionism once enjoyed rather a different profile in the Tory party. The Union was a Tory cause far older and stronger than the free market or Atlanticism or the enterprise culture. Its defence gave them parliamentary majorities when they would otherwise have been in the wilderness, in Queen Victoria's later years. Indeed it was for them more important than parliamentary majorities, as Bonar Law said in the 1912 Home Rule crisis. For a time, British Conservatives said they'd sooner abandon democracy than lose Ulster. This passionate attachment persisted, albeit inevitably weakened, even into the earlier stages of the long nightmare of violence since 1969.

It may be hard to remember, amid the sordid manoeuvrings and the abuses of civil liberty, the hypocrisy and the brutality which have marked British rule in Northern Ireland these past years, that an ideal has lain behind Unionism. And as Joseph Conrad said of European imperialism in Africa, only the strength of the ideal could redeem the miserable record, if anything can. It cannot, of course.

No political doctrine justifies the destruction of real lives; least of all the moribund principle of national sovereignty. But those in Ireland, on the British left, in the US and elsewhere who seek to extenuate atrocities like Ian Gow's murder by invoking the ideal of Irish Republicanism should at least observe a certain symmetry. Unionism has been a moral credo too, however unseductive and unpersuasive its dour rhetoric is compared to the songs and poetry and all the throat-catching allure of Irish Republicanism.

Unionism, too, has attracted selfless devotees: men and women with no family or financial stake in Northern Ireland, who have fought for its interests as they see them, who have sacrificed careers and even lives to that cause—people like Ian Gow.

The IRA, in killing Ian Gow, doubtless thought it was helping kill an idea; the idea of Ulster's Britishness which he incarnated. But the idea is dying, is for all practical political purposes dead, anyway. Its vestigial remnant is pretty well symbolised by the shabby-genteel old ladies of Eastbourne, pensioners of Empire staring out to sea and counting their dwindling pennies, whom Ian Gow represented in parliament.

The IRA is fighting a ghost. If it really wanted to confront the centres of the power which, as it claims, subjugates the Irish people, it would consider the New York, Tokyo or Frankfurt stock exchanges at one extreme, or Ian Paisley at the other. It daren't challenge the latter—the retribution would be one its supporters could not bear—and is too deeply mired in its archaic visions of sovereignty to think of the former. So it fights yesterday's battles, strikes out at yesterday's enemies. Republicans still believe, with Wolfe Tone, that the English link is the never-failing source of all Ireland's troubles. The assumption, in the Europe of the 1990s, is as ignorant as it is outmoded.

But by shooting at Bonar Law's ghost in the name of Wolfe Tone, the IRA keeps killing real, living people instead. Ian Gow was a man who lived and died defending defunct principles, but he would never have dreamed of killing for them. We can only reject those, like his murderers, who do.

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Thoughts for the day

Whenever a particularly atrocious bombing takes place in Northern Ireland, it's the custom of BBC Radio Ulster to change the theme of the next morning's "Thought for the Day" to something suited to the shocked mood of the community. When four people were killed by a landmine in County Armagh last week, the scheduled pre-recorded talk was replaced by a live spot from the Rev. Noel Batty. No such switch occurred following the murder of Ian Gow. The Rev. James Munroe spoke, as planned, about the uplifting effect of Vera Lynn songs and walks in the country.

By contrast, BBC Radio Four's "Thought for the Day" on Tuesday morning pulled out all the stops. Monsignor Vincent Nichols said that one of the important lessons he had learned in San Salvador was that the effects of terrorism could be diminished if we remembered the names of the victims. But of the six victims of the previous few days, he mentioned two by name (Gow, and Sister Catherine Dunne), three by description, and forgot one altogether.

There's a story that when the BBC's board of governors met the Northern Ireland Broadcasting Council shortly after the Brighton bomb, the governors were surprised not to be congratulated on the corporation's coverage. The Council members offered some stony remarks about the ordinariness of the story: Brighton was just "another bomb".

Something of the same attitude lies behind the Radio Ulster decision not to change programmes. It is understandable: a death is a death, after all. All sides in Northern Ireland feel that their suffering is never half so well understood as when it spills over on to the mainland. It is precisely because victims like Gow get this greater attention from our national broadcasting institutions that they are more attractive targets to the IRA. And even our determination that the mainland should not become like the offshore counties with their tight cladding of security carries a message to the people there: that they deserve less than the rest of us.

Slick operators

Why did Iraq's dictator Saddam Hussein release Daphne Parish, the nurse convicted on a trumped-up spying charge, so suddenly the week before last? Simple: he wanted to sweeten British opinion prior to a campaign of troop movements and verbal threats against his rich but peaceable neighbour Kuwait (he has 50 times as many soldiers as the sheikhdom). Hussein wants a slice of disputed, oil-rich desert, a write-off of debts incurred during the Gulf War with Iran, and an end to alleged Kuwaiti price-busting. Oil brings in 98 per cent of Iraqi state revenues, and a sharp hike would boost postwar reconstruction. The region's biggest bully may lack a few social graces (genocide against the Kurds; big-league torture and execution) but he knows a thing or two about diplomatic timing.

His skills will please the British Foreign Office. Its patrician Arabists (something to do with a shared taste for thoroughbred horses and all-male élites?) have done their best to smooth over the little hiccups of the Farzad Bazoft and "supergun" affairs. Now Hussein, already eager for British investment, turns up on our side in the oil-price wrangle. Dearer OPEC barrels (up from $13 to $21 since former sworn foes Iraq and Iran ganged up on Kuwait) will soon help push up the cost of North Sea crude. That kind of cartel contrivance will not look so neat in the year 2000, with Britain a net oil importer again—but that's another story, for another government.

This week's talks in Saudi Arabia will see Iraqi blackmail pay dividends, with Kuwait willing to buy peace with cash and possibly land. At King Charles Street, the middle eastern desks will go easy on the outrage. The sound fellows there have never cared much for that parliamentary guff about not talking to terrorists—especially when the terrorist in question commands an army of one million men.

Rape crisis

It says a lot for English justice that a man can break into someone else's house, chase a woman through it, rip her nightdress, threaten to kill her, leave bruises round her throat, attempt to rape her—and then have his three-year gaol sentence reported as a "breakthrough for women". It says even more for English justice that this case, which involved a wife who had walked out on her husband three weeks before and gone to live with her parents, still leaves almost untouched the law which allows a husband to rape his wife, unless they are legally separated or she has obtained a non-molestation order, except to extend this "protection" to wives who have simply left the matrimonial home. Will this "breakthrough" mean that an estranged wife who has no refuge to escape to, and has been forced to remain living with her husband, can still be raped with impunity?

The law of rape has always been confusing, with its division between rape within and outside marriage, and its phallocentric distinction between rape and non-penile sexual assault. Later this year, the Law Commission will produce a working paper on rape within marriage which is likely to propose that England be brought into line with Scotland, where men may not rape any woman, their wives included.

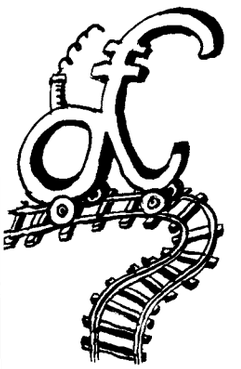
This will be a real breakthrough. But there is a strong case for a far more wide-reaching reform of the anomalous law of sexual offences. At the moment, for example, it is technically impossible to rape a man. On the other hand, consensual buggery is illegal between a man and a woman, but not between two men. A 13 year old is considered incapable of rape, the facts notwithstanding. The ages of consent for male gay sex, female gay sex, and straight sex, are different—for no good reason. It is time to stop tinkering, and time to think through the issues systematically.

Power games

She who dares sometimes loses face. Mrs Thatcher's challenge to the unions to bid for PowerGen has been taken up quicker than she can have expected. The Electricity Supply Trade Union Council, backed by the Unity Bank, has said it is genuinely interested in doing just that.

The unions deserve to be taken seriously. They have the experience—an able management team, backed by the people who actually keep the lights burning. (The experience and talent on offer at National Power are risible by comparison.) They have the plant—the better third of the country's total capacity. And the price is an absolute steal.

What they lack is the money. Unlike Hanson, the unions cannot rely on the spoils from decades of asset stripping for their finance. Borrowing the lot could leave PowerGen hopelessly over-geared. They need equity partners—but from where? The UK? Perhaps, though unlikely given the short-termism of British lenders. But overseas institutions take a more sanguine view of investment. German, French, Japanese and Belgian companies are known to be casting an eye over the British utility scene. Foreign gold and British workers: whatever might privatisation be coming to?



British Rail, having clearly decided that it's unequal to the task of providing a train service, has announced plans to diversify. It is to operate a telephone system by throwing open to the public its own internal telephone network which runs along wires by the tracks. Customers will be able to experience their calls getting stuck in a tunnel, being suspended because of a shortage of phone crew, or arriving late "due to a badger eating a junction box".

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Sleazing along

Sid must be sick. Privatisation promised a share-owning democracy. But who has benefited?

"Never mind Sid, just tell Lord Hanson." So far, as Frank Dobson has pointed out, the story of the privatisation of the electricity generating industry is one of a huge advertising budget misspent. Instead of financing a multi-million-pound TV campaign in the hope of catching Lord Hanson's eye, the government might just as well have sent him a brief proposal by letter—20p first class.

Gordon Brown

If this were merely Whitehall farce in the "Yes Minister" vein it would not matter much. But when electricity is finally privatised, an industry worth £30 billion will have been sold for less than one third of its value. And to raise that £10 billion, taxpayers will have to foot bills of more than £300 million in City fees, privatisation ads telling Sid, and, as we know, almost certainly some very substantial sweeteners for Lord Hanson.

In the process an efficient, well-organised and highly profitable national asset, built up over decades by massive public investment, will be transformed into an unpredictable collection of miscellaneous holdings with no long-term benefit to the taxpayer and no greater choice for the ordinary customer.

The electricity scandal will not go away nor will the dissatisfaction of ordinary customers with the services of British Telecom, British Gas and the newly privatised water authorities. The increasingly sleazy story of the Rover privatisation is still unfinished. Only last week yet another sweetener came to light when a letter of 14 July 1988 surfaced via the European Commission. In that letter Lord Young promised British Aerospace "sympathetic" treatment in any application for public funds relating to its various defence, aircraft and other non-car interests. A few days before, the European Commission turned its attention to the Inland Revenue's admission that it had had eight meetings with British Aerospace at which advice on minimising tax liabilities for British Aerospace was made available—a curious example of compassion from the tax gatherers, and not a service widely accessible to the PAYE person in the street. At these meetings, tax collector and taxpayer agreed that British Aerospace could set up a leasing company to buy equipment for Rover and thus defray some of its tax bills. No doubt Lord Hanson has taken note.

With every successive revelation it is clear that the public interest counted for little when the government's overwhelming imperative was simply to privatise at any price. Scandals and sleaze may be portrayed as incidental. Yet, as Conservative ministers try to export privatisation—still proclaimed as the flagship policy, the jewel in the Thatcher crown—to eastern Europe, any country considering a similar course of action should take a long hard look at the true costs.

In privatisations so far, nearly £1,000 million has gone, paid out in City underwriting and other fees to float the public assets so far privatised. More than £100 million has been spent on share advertising and marketing alone. But who have been the main beneficiaries of privatisation? Not the ordinary shareholders, despite all the Conservative hype about mass capitalism. Less than 12 per cent of British Telecom is now owned by ordinary members of the public. To date, 40 per cent of Jaguar has ended up in the hands of foreigners. The grim fact is that more of the ownership of these major companies is in foreign hands than remains at home under popular capitalism.

Nearly £1,000 million has gone, paid out in City underwriting and other fees to float the assets so far privatised

But were the interests of the ordinary shareholder ever meant to come first? It is instructive to examine how the argument for a mass popular capitalism emerged from Conservative Central Office only as an afterthought, as a public relations gimmick, and therefore how easily it could be discarded. With PowerGen not one share is now earmarked for the general public. Indeed, mass capitalism became the Tory theme-song only when the previous argument for privatisation, efficiency through competition, became untenable, as water and gas were sold as virtual monopolies.

"The primary objective of the government's privatisation programme is to reduce the power of the monopolist and to encourage competition," the minister in charge of privatisation said in 1983 oblivious to what was to happen with water and gas. "The long-term success of privatisation will stand or fall by the extent to which it maximises competition," he said. In 1983 the idea of privatising public utilities as monopolies would have been dismissed as counter to the main purpose of the exercise.

Yet, within a year, the argument was completely reversed. The same minister said that "I firmly believe that where competition is impractical, privatisation programmes have now developed to such an extent that regulated private ownership of the monopolies is preferable to nationalisation."

At a stroke the idea of efficiency through competition, the entire justification for the privatisation programme, was abandoned. As the impracticality of any real competition in the sale of such products as gas, electricity and water became more obvious, and concessions were made to vested interests in the City and the privatised monopolies to ensure future profits, competition was dropped. Not only was it thrown aside, but a new pretext for privatisation suddenly arose: wider share ownership.

Popular mass capitalism is a resounding slogan but if the government were serious about meeting the needs of thousands of ordinary shareholders, City institutions would at least have been exhorted to make life easier for the first-time shareholder. Instead small investors are being offered third-class City services at top-class rates. One survey has shown that minimum commissions, even before VAT, are above £20 in 75 per cent of companies even for the smallest transfer of shares. It is now accepted that on the day of the Stock Exchange crash in autumn 1987 many small investors were unable to get through to dealers with orders to sell and many institutions were reluctant to help them. So much for making mass capitalism the priority.

The truth is that the taxpayer has been sold short, the consumer remains stolidly unimpressed and the goal of competition quietly abandoned. Once they talked of crusades on behalf of the consumer and a triumph over the monopolies. Now with PowerGen, as with so much before, the sham is revealed. The most common result of privatisation is a sell-out to the City, consumers all but forgotten, a lesson that eastern Europe would do well to learn quickly.

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TAKING LIBERTIES

Jolyon Jenkins

Members of the Communist Party may now join MI5, the Prime Minister announced last week. In journalism school they tell you to put your most interesting fact first; and this is much the most entertaining aspect of Mrs Thatcher's long written parliamentary answer on "Changes in Security Vetting".

But it doesn't mean much. It's unlikely that the announcement presages a new spirit of pluralism among the spooks. CPGB members will still probably fail the vetting process, because it's assumed they want to "overthrow or undermine parliamentary democracy by political, industrial or violent means"—the traditional government definition of "subversion".

According to the *Daily Telegraph*'s lobby correspondent, Thatcher's announcement represents "the most rigorous overhaul of the government's security vetting system in 40 years", and is a consequence of the Geoffrey Prime scandal. (Prime, you'll recall, was a linguist at GCHQ who, despite being a Soviet spy and a paedophile, sailed through every vetting.)

No doubt the man from the *Telegraph* was only reporting what he had been told. But he's wrong. The vetting procedures were overhauled five years ago because of the Prime affair (just as they were after the Burgess, Maclean, Vassall and Hollis affairs). The latest changes have nothing to do with spies. And, far from being a rigorous overhaul, there is only one real change in the new guidelines. For the first time, people being "negatively" vetted (the lowest security form of vetting) will be told so.

The real reason for the change is the case of *X* v *the United Kingdom*. In September 1985 a financial analyst failed to get a job in the electronic warfare division of MEL, a member of the Philips group. He was told that his references had been unsatisfactory. Since he hadn't supplied any references, this had to mean he had failed negative vetting. He took his case to the European Commission on Human Rights, arguing that his right to privacy had been infringed. The Commission ruled that the British government had a case to answer. Now the government merely wants to limit damage from yet another European humiliation.

Still, a little openness in negative vetting might seem cause for mild celebration. About a million posts in the civil service and industry are subject to negative vetting (an educated guess: the government won't reveal the true figure), and half a million vetting checks were made last year against the criminal records. It's something which affects an awful lot of people.

But there is a catch: people won't necessarily be told if they *fail* their vetting. If they do somehow manage to find out, they can take their case to the Security Tribunal, where they will encounter a second catch: the only power the Tribunal has is to determine whether information which MI5 has given the vetters was correct. It can't check information provided by other agencies, and it can't determine whether MI5's information was relevant. So Isabel Hilton, who was barred from working for the BBC because she was secretary of the innocuous Scotland-China Association, would have lost her appeal, since she *was* a member of the SCA.

The need for a real overhaul of the procedures is urgent. According to the Law Society, the criminal records, which are the basis for most negative vetting, are "in a terrifying condition of inaccuracy". But if you fail to get a job because of a false record, you may never know.

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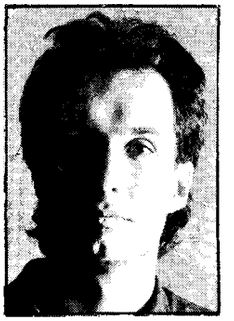

Sean French

The normal Chinese torture drip-drip of my correspondence was transformed into a veritable trickle by my column about moral dilemmas. For the benefit of forgetful or ignorant readers, the two moral problems I posed were these: the first was meeting someone in the street whom you know you know, but you just can't recall their name or where you know them from. Do you admit your failure, or attempt to cover up? The second and more difficult problem concerned the hypothetical case where you know, say, a woman with children who is ignorant of her husband's flagrant adultery. She has said she couldn't tolerate infidelity, so do you tell her, or simply do nothing?

It pains me to report that the initial reaction among my immediate acquaintance was not to analyse the moral issues but to attempt in shamefully prurient fashion to elicit from me the names of the couple on whom I had allegedly based the article.

One member of the *NSS* staff brusquely informed me that there was no moral dilemma at all. Of course, the wife shouldn't be told. It was nobody's business but the people involved. Other friends observed that they thought it was right to tell the woman, but that in practice they would never dare to do it. A couple of correspondents have supported this latter view by recalling that the revelation had achieved nothing except the ending of a friendship.

An eloquent letter from one woman—I assume it was a woman, though it was unsigned—described the practical difficulties of not telling the woman in a real case of her acquaintance. "For my own part," she writes, "I have refused to see the couple in question as a couple any more (except when completely unavoidable) which puts me in a strange position, having no public explanation to offer."

Her own view is that the best practical course is to tell the husband, "simply to argue the unacceptability of the lying (rather than the infidelity); the unacceptability of strangers knowing what a loved one doesn't."

I think this gets to the heart of what makes the dilemma so compelling to the people I have discussed it with. There is a certain kind of infidelity which is about power and knowledge as well as about sexuality. The offender knows the true state of affairs, as—generally—do many other friends, the victim is not only wounded but trapped in a fictional existence.

There is a fantasy that, I would guess, most children experience which is that the whole world is a charade put on for their benefit and everyone apart from them is an actor playing a role. In a situation such as I have described this can almost literally become the case and the offending party can increase his (as I suspect it usually is) sense of power by tacitly enlisting innocent friends in the deception. Those who know but remain silent become conspirators.

A couple of my other correspondents located another villain in the piece, namely myself—a prurient prude or a cowardly collaborator, according to your point of view. As it was put in one piece of tongue-in-cheek advice, "I suggest you do the cowardly thing and break it to the woman by discussing her situation in your column." (To be fair to myself, which I like to be occasionally, I was only discussing the general sort of situation that can arise.) The writer went on to suggest, on the subject of my other dilemma, that the stranger I had encountered in Oxford Street was my own ghost, "the old ham-fisted man confronting his new sensitive guise!"

Touché. Although the letter-writer herself was not entirely free from cowardice since it was signed with the single name, Margery. Unless she was implying thereby that she was someone I know very well and have forgotten and, more frightening still, I am now admitting the fact in undeniable black and white.

Another correspondent, Paula Morris, adopted even more of an *ad hominem* approach. She advised that the best thing was to talk to the husband. The wife should only be given the "gory details" if she asked directly. She continued: "As you are unable to bring yourself to say 'I'm sorry—I've forgotten your name,' when a stranger accosts you in the street, you are probably not the best candidate for 'I know this is going to ruin your life, but did you know your husband sleeps with other women whenever he gets the chance?'"

Am I really so ineffective at concealing my feebleness?

Ms Morris also referred to what I had written in the same week about the way in which subjects of conversation can become obsolescent. She asks whether "Oh, you're not an 081, are you?" is out of fashion yet. But the point with 071/081 jokes (*NSS* foreign readers and those scrutinising this on microfilm many years in the future may need to be told that the telephone code designating London has just been changed from 01 to the above numbers in order to double capacity) is that they became instantly obsolescent without ever being funny. There is no meaningful social distinction between inner and outer London and so jokes based on the supposed rivalry between the two codes make no sense.

I'm more concerned with aspects of language that may be true or interesting but have been worn out with use. Journalism is crammed with terms that ought to be banned. One example is the supposed Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times", which is always on hand to begin any article about a crisis-torn country. Marx's opening sentence of his polemic on the Eighteenth Brumaire, about history occurring twice, the first time as tragedy, the second as farce, has been wildly overused to deal with any absurd political tangle. (I am guilty of using both the above.)

Whole books ought to be banned as sources of quotes. I was interested to see in the introduction to Richard Critchfield's *Among the British* (soon to be published by Hamish Hamilton) that quotations from the Alice books were forbidden to writers on the *Economist* as too hackneyed. As Critchfield says, "Third World economies, it seems, were all like the Red Queen, forever running to stay in the same place."

But it's not just conversational tropes that can exceed their sell-by date (and "exceeding the sell-by date" is already looking dangerously fatigued as a means of describing obsolescence). Next week, or whenever I next remember, I shall deal with obsolescent interesting facts and obsolescent gestures.

ROGER WODDIS

PowerGen to the People

"There will be no sweeteners, there will be no secret deals, and, at this moment, there is no deal at all."—John Wakeham, the Energy Secretary

No one should cast aspersions,
No one should talk of sleaze,
No one should say he's full of bull,
The way a dog has fleas.

No one should shift the bedrock
The castle's built upon
By shouting "Shame!" at Hanson,
Or doubting Honest John.

No one should cry corruption,
Or hint at secret deals,
No one should lift the loo-lid
And see what it reveals.

No one should think, who finds it hard
To live on what they earn,
That paying into Tory funds
Ensures a fat return.

No one should weep or lose much sleep
When Britain's up for sale,
Or question why it's lords who laugh,
And thieves who go to jail.

No one should say it's private gain
That poisons public life,
Or think our green and pleasant land
Is run by Mack the Knife.

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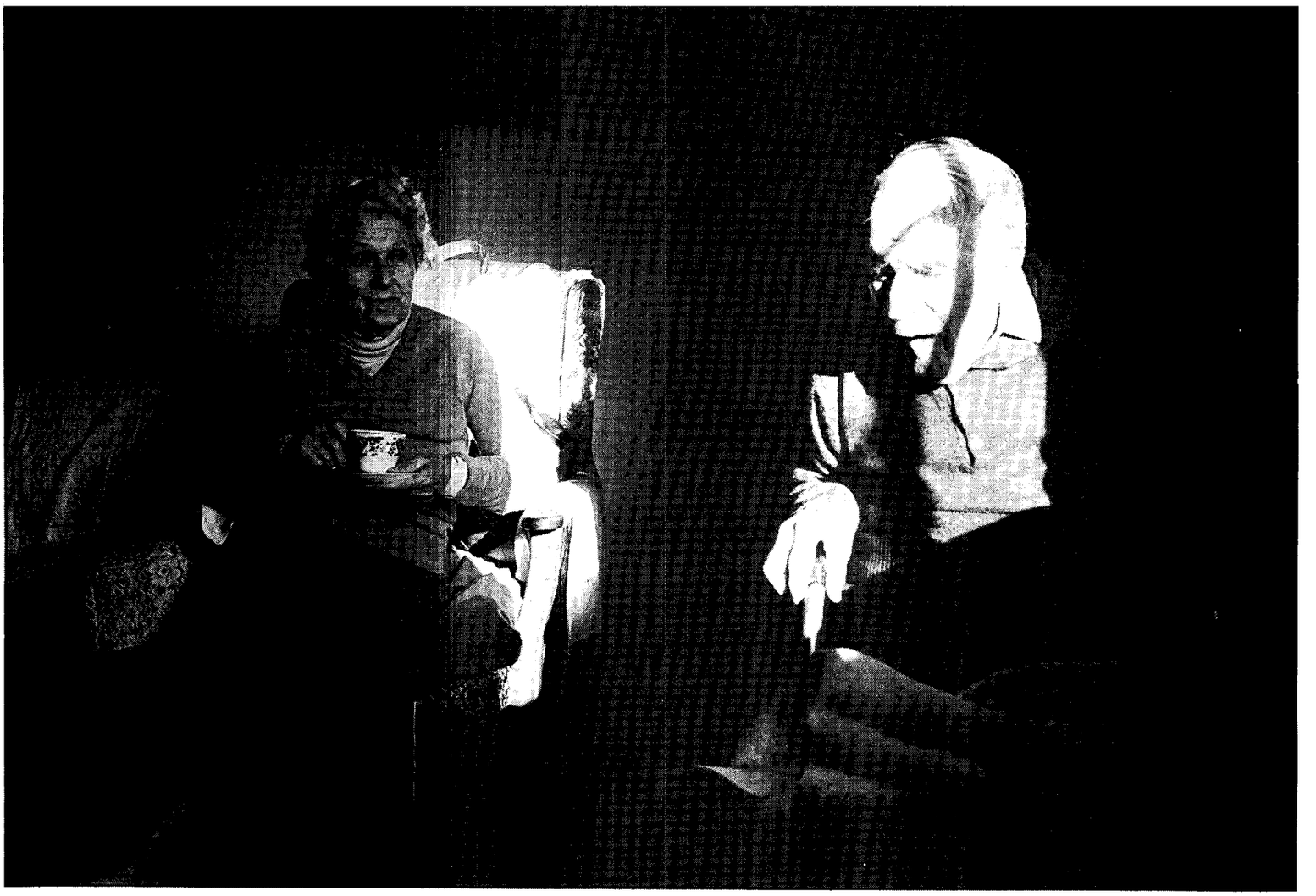

SOCIETY

An age of pain

As the government dithers, Britain's carers sink further into squalor and despair. Don Redding reports from Sheffield

While Health Secretary Kenneth Clarke was in parliament explaining that his twin reforms of community care and the NHS had come apart at the seams, a group of Sheffield families was discovering what the holes in the fabric meant. Their elderly relatives, suffering from Alzheimer's disease (a form of senile dementia), were being refused hospital care because their health authority could not pay for it.

Alzheimer's, which attacks nerve cells in the brain so that people lose their mental and physical functions, is a degenerative condition. An elderly person who starts off being a little forgetful can soon finish up in a deeply distressing state.

Ruth Midgely, who works for the Alzheimer's Disease Society in Sheffield, says: "In the last stages of the disease people are very confused, unable to look after themselves, often doubly incontinent, and may be immobile, or may have severe behavioural problems." In some of the Sheffield cases, these behavioural problems are so bad that the elderly people are a danger to themselves and to others.

It is precisely at this point that care in the community—that is, by their families—becomes inappropriate. They need intensive, 24-hour care. But in Sheffield, now and probably for the rest of the financial year, the passage from community to residential care is blocked.

Residential homes, whether private or local authority, are geared to residents with lower demands. Sheffield social services is probably unique in running four specialist homes for demented elderly people, with twice the normal levels of

In the last stages of Alzheimer's, people are confused, often doubly incontinent, immobile and with severe behavioural problems. Above Tom Thompson, who is looked after by his wife Alice, at home in Cardiff

Photographs by Paul Reas

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"She's living in the past all the time. She's no idea what day it is, but she can remember what happened 50 years ago."

Mrs Pinder (right) has been found sweeping the streets in the early hours of the morning, storing the collected rubbish in her flat

staffing and around 120 places, but they are full.

Which leaves hospital care. The health authority has 300 beds for dementia sufferers, but because of a projected overspend, it has decided to close one ward of 30 beds. The result is that the last option for the care these people need is closed. Last November, when the government finally got round to producing a white paper on community care, it announced that the reforms would be yoked to the NHS legislation, bringing together the two halves of a whole.

But the legislation had only just passed through parliament before the government once more broke them in twain. The community care timetable, announced Clarke, was being delayed. The prospect now is of a jagged dislocation between the health and social services. The latter will tread water or make piecemeal changes; while the former will move towards community-based services, but on an inadequate funding base.

It was this shortfall which produced the Sheffield situation. Facing a projected overspend on mental health of over £2 million, the District Health Authority diverted £1.25 million from other services and saved £450,000 by such measures as delaying grounds maintenance. That left £350,000. They closed an in-patient psychotherapy ward as well as the dementia ward. Ruth Midgely thinks it wrong-headed. "I don't think they've thought the consequences through, because they've closed the whole service."

The consequences are immediately apparent to Joan Thistlewood, a part-time shopworker who is caring for her demented 81-year-old mother. "Now they've closed the ward at the Middlewood hospital, it's blocked everywhere. There's nothing they can do for us at all."

Joan Thistlewood's mother, Mrs Pinder, lives two bus rides away on the other side of the city, a journey Joan and her sister, who also works, make either singly or together every day. They never know in what condition they will find their mother, who cannot wash or dress herself, spends the nights awake and shifting her furniture around, and has been found sweeping the streets in the early hours of the morning, storing the collected rubbish in her flat.

"She's living in the past all the time," says Joan Thistlewood. "She's no idea what day it is, but she can remember what happened 50 years ago. Yesterday she thought she was in my flat, and she still thinks my dad's there." Her father died two years ago after being nursed by his daughters for 12 months, "so we haven't had a break for three years".

Joan's aunt, who is 86 and increasingly frail, is helped to stay in her own home by a home help (or "house warden" as they are called in Sheffield). Her mother also has one who nips in and out three times a day to make meals, but this level of domiciliary care is inadequate. As soon as the warden leaves after seeing her to bed, she is up and about moving the furniture.

"The thing is, it's not my mother," says Joan. "It's like looking after a little child. You can't have a proper conversation with her, because she doesn't know who I am. The stress, and the strain of lifting her mother around, has exacerbated a nervous problem in Joan's chest, which gives her severe pains in the neck and shoulders and is getting worse.

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"Since Christmas, she's had seven sets of saucepans, six kettles, four frying pans, and she hasn't got any of 'em now: she's puttin' 'em on t'stove with no water in 'em."

First, Mrs Wright (left), who is blind, had hallucinations. Then, unable to get upstairs alone, she came to live with Ann and Peter and nearly split their marriage up

For Ann Wright and her husband Peter, the last four years have taken a toll. First, Peter's mother, Mrs Wright, began to have hallucinations, and fell and broke her hip. She came to live with them, and, apart from a weekly bath, nurse Ann cared for her almost alone.

Blind and hallucinating, unable to get upstairs without two people to help her, Peter's mother became an intolerable strain. By provoking arguments, she came close to splitting the marriage. "At the finish, we couldn't have coped, because she got violent with it. And as for our son (who is 16), poor little bugger, it were hell."

Eventually they got Peter's mother admitted to hospital. From there, they found a nursing home willing to take her. Income Support from the DSS, however, pays only £200 of the £250 weekly fee. Peter takes home £180 a week if he works overtime and the weekend.

In the meantime, Mrs Walker, Ann's mother, had begun to degenerate. "Since Christmas," says Ann, "she's had seven sets of saucepans, six kettles, four frying pans, and she hasn't got any of 'em now: she's puttin' 'em on t' stove with no water in 'em. I'd like some of those big authority people to go to my mother's house to see what she's done, with a modernised house.

"We've done everything. We've stood on our heads to help her. I've cried and cried and cried for help." Peter adds: "People do not realise the strain it puts on people. We've had no bloody training for it. You've just got to learn day by day, and all that time it's building up. I can understand how people get battered and bloody murdered. We were on us bloody own."

Both the Thistlewood and the Wright family have seen plenty of caring professionals, whom they describe as "marvellous": GPs, social workers, the psychiatrist. None of their concern can help, however, if the structures are not there to provide the requisite care. Both families have recently had periods of respite care, provided by nursing homes so that the carers get a break.

Regular, reliable periods of respite care, planned at the start of the year, should be one thing the community care reforms could provide. The proposed new structure would provide each family with one identified "care manager", who would assess their parents' needs and use purchasing money from the local authority to assemble packages of care. For these two families, a mixture of home helps, community nursing, day care and respite care might relieve the strain. The present thin spread of house wardens and perhaps a bath nurse is simply not enough.

Caring for people like Mrs Pinder and Mrs Walker is already a big business: the DHA in Sheffield spends £17 million a year on mental health; the social services nearly £30 million on the elderly. Yet there is just not enough money there even for present needs, which will grow: the number of over-75s will rise, the number of women carers will fall.

Ann Wright has her own analysis. "They wouldn't let the Queen Mother suffer, or Mrs Thatcher, only them that's been through t'war, our parents, working-class people. She (Mrs Thatcher) wants such as my mother and my sister to go out into t'community, *but*, and it's the big 'but', is she going to pay for it? The families are having to pay, and they can't afford it." Judging by Kenneth Clarke's defeat, the answer to her question is a firm no. ●

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HALDANE SOCIETY OF SOCIALIST LAWYERS

The Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers is an organisation based on a broad spectrum of political opinion in the labour, socialist and other progressive movements. It is not affiliated to any one political party. Since its foundation in 1930, the Society has been a forum for debate on the most important legal issues of the day.

Much of the Society's work is through a range of sub-committees where members come together and formulate their own programme of activity. There are sub-committees on crime, employment, gay and lesbian rights, housing, international law, legal services, race and immigration, women, and Northern Ireland. All members are sent details of sub-committee activities and are invited to participate.

The Society is the source of information and analysis not otherwise available. Our journal "Socialist Lawyer" carries feature articles from members as well as news and reviews. Recent articles in "Socialist Lawyer" include "A Bill of Rights for South Africa"; "The Birmingham Six Appeal"; a Symposium on Legal Services; an analysis of reproductive rights and a critique of the Housing Act 1988.

The Society is the UK affiliate of the International Association of Democratic Lawyers and sends delegates to its international conference.

We see support for the national liberation struggles, in Southern Africa and elsewhere as a vital task. Direct solidarity is provided through Society members attending political trials as observers, for example in Turkey; and participating in international delegations, for example to Chile to observe Pinochet's plebiscite.

Further details and membership information:- Tony Metzer, Haldane Society, Panther House, 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1X OAP.

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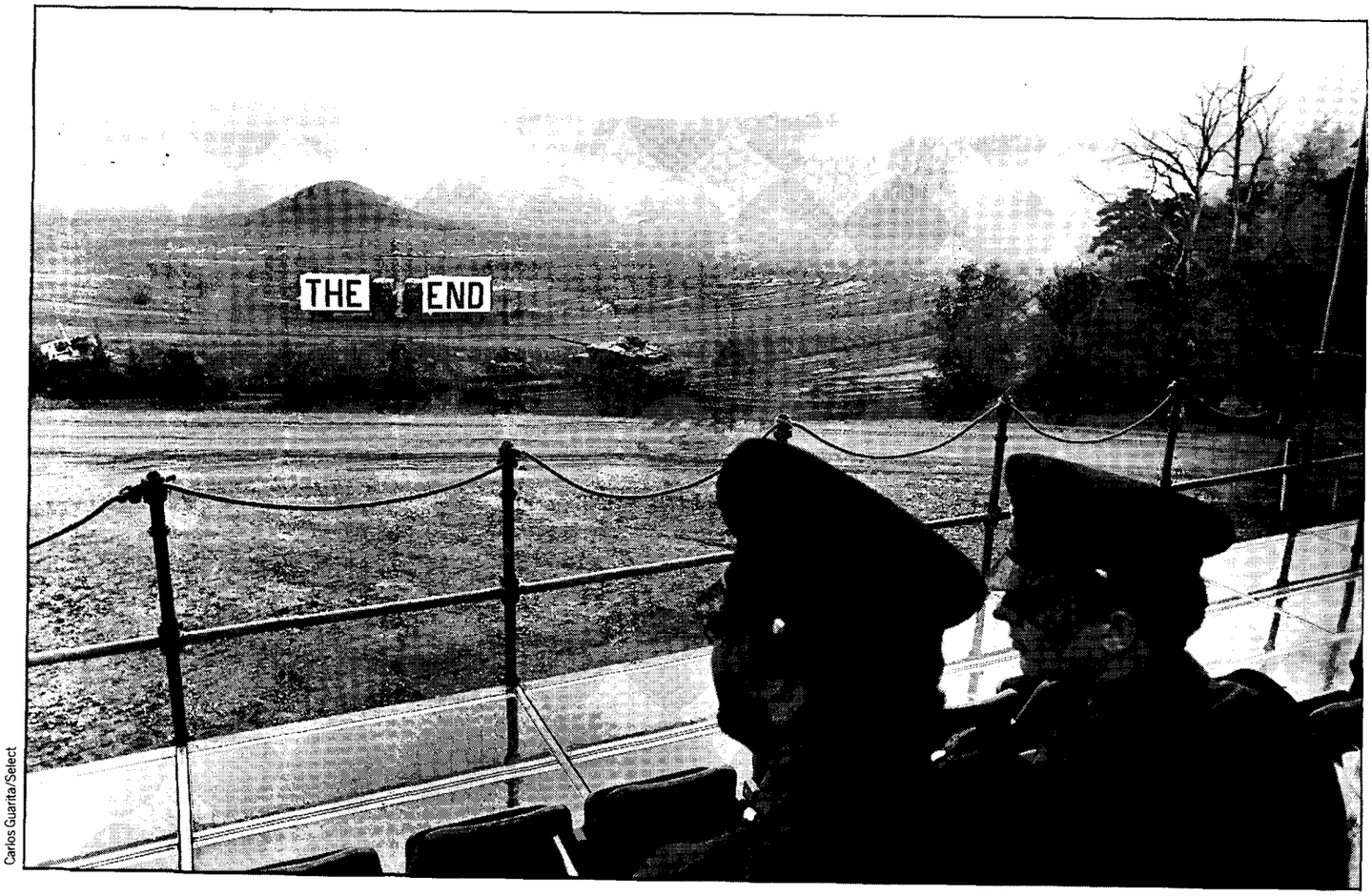

Carlos Guarita/Select

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

Farewell to arms

The soldiers are coming home—but all they can expect is homelessness and unemployment. Sarah Baxter went to Aldershot to see how the future isn't working

"You're missing the point," a Ministry of Defence spokesman politely insisted. "Nobody's going to be made redundant. The cuts will be achieved through natural wastage. They may not even happen. They're just proposals."

He was explaining why the MoD was unable to co-operate with me, the day after Defence Secretary Tom King announced that the forces could shed 57,000 jobs over the next five years. In the garrison town of Aldershot, not one soldier with more than a few years' experience that I spoke to expressed any confidence in the MoD's claims. There were too many regiments to redeploy, I was told; too few barracks in Britain to house the troops; and not enough soldiers willing to resign. At the Trafalgar pub a sergeant with nine years' army service observed, "I've been in since I was 16 and I can't see myself doing anything else." But he added, "I'd be off if I had something decent to go to."

Fear of civilian life is tying soldiers to the army well beyond their initial terms of service. Many signed up for three to six years as teenagers in the early 1980s, when the forces offered a secure haven from unemployment. Army pay rose by 23 per cent in Mrs Thatcher's first year of government, while jobless totals leapt by half a million. By the time soldiers were returning as heroes from the Falklands two years later, unemployment was close to the three million mark. Not surprisingly, the army enjoyed its greatest recruiting boom in the early to mid-1980s.

Since then, wages have dipped below the rate of inflation, memories of the Falklands have faded and soldiers dread getting posted to the South Atlantic. But they are learning from former colleagues that life outside the army may have even less to offer them now than a decade ago. Army wife Ann Johnson says, "It's Thatcher, basically. Since she's been in, it's become more difficult for us to go back to civvy street. I've got this vision of us sitting around a brazier with fingerless mitts, talking about the good old days."

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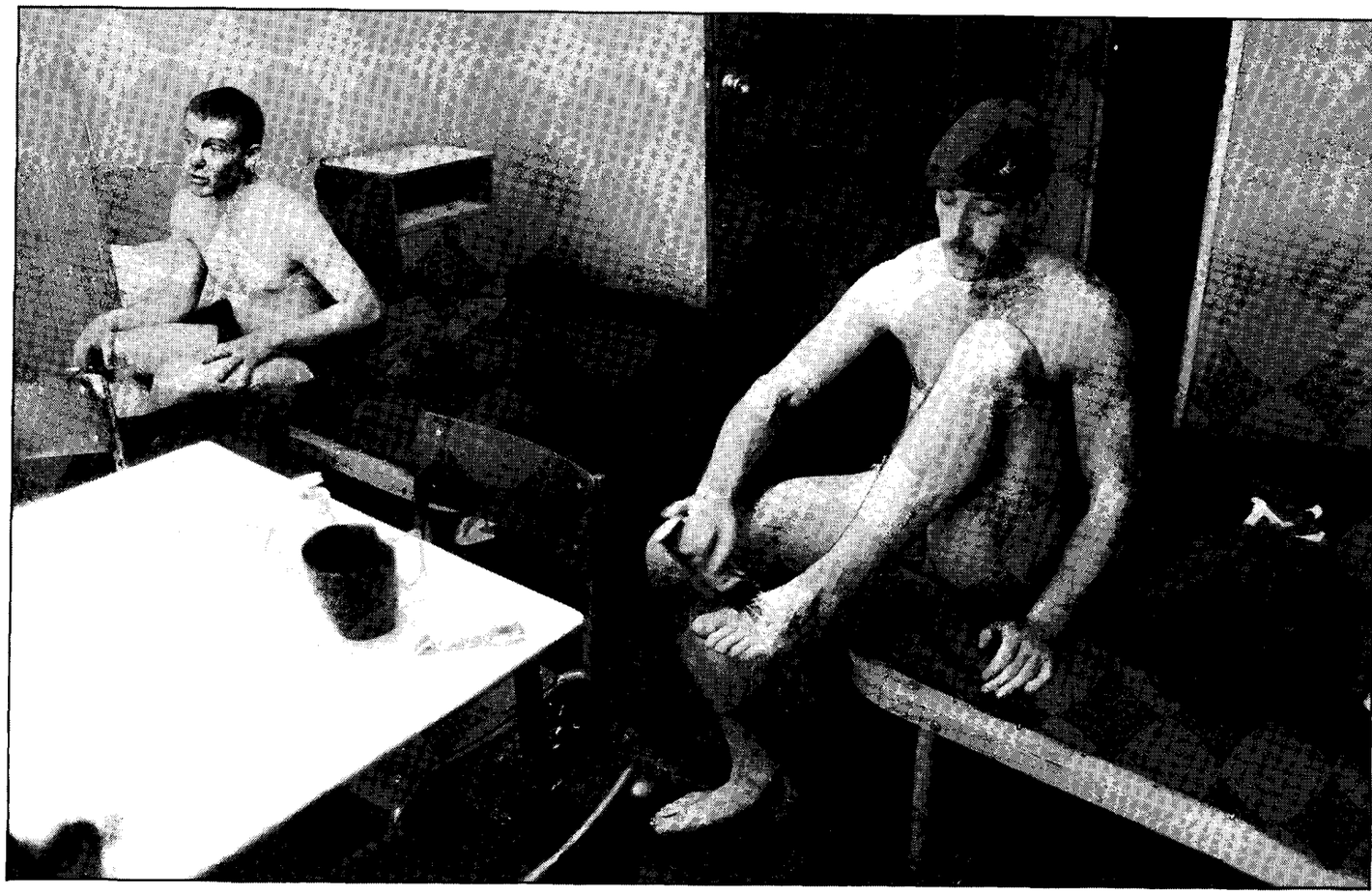

Homer Sykes/Network

The government can no longer afford to foot the bill: Paratroopers at Aldershot

It is not yet clear whether entire regiments will be sacrificed or simply scaled down. Soldiers who have learned a trade are the least vulnerable to cuts. Electricians in the Royal Engineers, for instance, or HGV drivers in the Royal Transport Corps can easily convert their skills. But the infantry and tank regiments of the British Army on the Rhine have little to fall back on. In the words of a retired major, "'Good at killing people' is not the best qualification for a civilian job."

Major General Sir Charles Grey of SSAFA (The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association) remarks, "The best will leave the army first—the man who has had a lot of money spent on him as an electronics or computer expert." He believes that "natural wastage" will be impossible to achieve because the army will be unable to redistribute men and resources in an efficient manner.

The experience of former soldiers in Aldershot suggests that men in their late 20s and early 30s with families to support will be hard pressed to find a home and a job. Ex-sergeant David Morgan, 31, who served in the Falklands, Belize, West Germany and Northern Ireland, resigned full of hope from the Paras 18 months ago, but is now at war with the army. "We're treated like shit that's landed on the doorstep. No one wants to touch us," he protests.

Morgan was given one month's training in car mechanics with the MoD's resettlement organisation, but is now working on the factory floor of a local aerospace firm. "It was home DIY stuff. I knew more from my own experience than they taught me. An instructor owned up to me, 'Look, we're not going to try and pull the wool over your eyes. There's no way you'll end up as a qualified car mechanic.'" The "tankies" and "poor bloody infantry" in West Germany will soon find out what civvy street is like, he warns.

David Morgan moved into a high-rise council flat with his wife and four children in Farnborough last May. Until then, they were classified as "IOs"—irregular occupants who had outstayed their welcome in army quarters. They were only housed by the council when the army evicted them from their home on the Goose Green estate in Aldershot. "I felt like filth," he says. "Fifteen years of service and I had to get a court judgment against me. There were about 40 irregular occupants sitting in the courtroom together. All the women were crying because their dirty washing was hanging out for everyone to see."

The infantry and tank regiments have little to fall back on. 'Good at killing people' is not the best qualification for a civilian job

There are 1700 IOs in army quarters around the country, bringing up the rear of council house waiting lists. Rushmoor Borough Council, which covers the Farnborough-Aldershot area, only agreed to provide for the Morgans because David's wife grew up there. "The first thing the housing officer said to me was, 'Why don't you go back where you came from?'", he says.

The council eventually placed them on the Totland estate in Farnborough, where 20-30 ex-army families have been housed. The stairwells stink of urine and Nazi graffiti is scrawled on the walls. Kids had thrown an egg at the window the day I arrived and David Morgan's new motorbike was stolen a fortnight ago. "This is worst place I've ever lived in. After all these years, we've gone down, not up. I can't let my kids out to play because of the vandalism and violence and used syringes lying around. You only have to stay here till

Some of the names in this article have been changed.

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11pm to find out what it's all about. They're dumping service families in here to sort the place out."

"What are they going to do with 57,000 people," he wonders, " when it's taken Rushmoor a year to cope with me? I can see the council's problem. They've got all these people who want to stay down south for work, and they've already sold off half their housing stock."

Most of Morgan's bitterness is reserved for the army, which provided him with £4,000 severance pay. It wasn't enough to buy an outside toilet, he fumes, let alone pay for a 2-3 bedroom family home. The army's welfare officer told him that if he refused the council's one offer of a flat in Totland, his children could be taken away. He also owes the MoD £2,000, because IOs have to pay double the standard military rent. "We're not going to pay it," he insists. "In my view, we were squatters and squatters don't pay rent."

Asian serviceman Ray Ullah will become an IO on August 21, a month after resigning from the Army Catering Corps. He handed in his notice because, "I've done ten years and I'm still only a lance-corporal. The average person with my rank is 23 years old. They say, 'There's no such thing as discrimination in the army' but if you've lived with it all your life, you know the difference." He is not even eligible for severance pay as he failed to reach twelve years' service. He feels utterly humiliated by the prospect of becoming an IO. "We've got no choice," he says. "The council won't look at you until the army throws you out. It's totally degrading. I missed a decade of house-buying by joining the army."

A self-help scheme supported by the Ullahs was scuppered by the MoD. Two years ago, there was a celebrated campaign to persuade the Ministry to sell a row of 29 dilapidated Edwardian homes in Aldershot to army families. One thousand servicemen expressed an interest in the scheme; MPs were lobbied; and army wives went to Whitehall to negotiate a deal. A leading building society pledged the funds for renovation, but the MoD sold the homes to a developer for less than the families offered. Ray Ullah and his wife were already living in one of the properties when they were peremptorily ordered out. They are now terrified their two children will end up surrounded by NF slogans on the Totland estate.

Soldiers trust Mrs Thatcher with the army, but not with their future. Political allegiances are shifting under pressure from the defence cuts. Ray Ullah says, "I used to support the Tories, because they looked after the forces better, but I'll probably vote Labour when I get out. Voting Conservative won't do me any good outside."

Labour, however, supports deeper reductions in forces without offering service families a secure civilian future. According to David Morgan, "People are beginning to see what's been happening under the Tories. You've got all these people coming back from West Germany. In 1997 there'll be all the troops coming back from Hong Kong. It's only a matter of time before Gibraltar goes. They'll all want jobs, but there aren't any up north, and no one can afford to live down south. There aren't any council houses because they've all been sold off." But, he adds, "People are scared to vote Labour because the cuts will be worse."

Soldiers today feel politically disenfranchised. Postal votes from abroad are difficult to organise and registering for local council elections in Britain can be equally cumbersome. Families pay the poll tax, but, isolated in army quarters, receive few services other than refuse collection. Ann Johnson complains, "We feel we've been forgotten. In some countries, the armed forces are treated like the *crème de la crème*, but we're not a political force, so they don't give a damn about us. No politician has ever knocked at my door."

Ann Johnson believes that the first party to offer servicemen decent civilian prospects—housing associations, for instance—will reap their vote. So far, Labour has talked more about defence cuts than about a future for soldiers. But if the party draws up plans that meet their needs, it may yet be possible to "win the peace". ●

CIVIL LIBERTIES

Presumption of innocence

Angela Neustatter talks to men wrongly accused of rape

Michael Jepson and Anthony Brandon were accused of rape. In both cases the complainants were young, the defendants black, the alleged offences took place with no corroborating evidence and the defence was consent—all factors likely to go against the defendants. But in each case the men were acquitted within a quarter of an hour by unanimous juries. Yet each man spent almost a year in prison on remand. Brandon feels "destroyed" by the experience, Jepson talks of "absolute despair".

Men accused of rape do not inspire sympathy. The Law Centres Federation has recommended that its members should not use their resources to help rape defendants; a number of solicitors refuse to defend. When—as is almost always the case—they are kept in custody awaiting trial, they are liable to be attacked and abused by other prisoners and may spend their time separated under Rule 43. Brandon's memories continue to haunt him: "Being in custody on a rape charge was like being in hell. There were several assaults and lots of abuse and I became very scared indeed. While I was in the shower, I was man-handled by a prison officer who said he didn't like what I was in for. Another time three inmates rushed into me and tried to give me a hiding. I knew I was regarded as dirty, a nonce, because of the nature of the charge, and I felt nobody, not the prisoners nor the authorities, believed I was innocent. I often felt suicidal."

Jepson recalls: "I felt I was the lowest of the low and police officers regularly strip-searched me as a way of humiliating me while saying they knew I was guilty. I was very very scared because it seemed obvious to me that it wasn't a question of anyone believing I was innocent, but that I would have to go into court and prove innocence beyond any doubt, rather than the prosecution proving guilt."

Nor, when a man is questioned on a rape offence or appears in court, is the press over-fastidious about the presumption of innocence, and coverage of the arrest or trial of a man alleged to have raped will frequently contain the word "rapist", so that the inverted commas seem almost to emphasise the truth of the description. In the case of Michael Jepson, in the familiar style of tabloids, one paper opened its report of the first day of the trial with a lurid and emotive description of the woman's youth, beauty and weeping demean as she described the alleged knife-point rape. There was no coverage when he was acquitted.

Rape has become politicised because of the attitude

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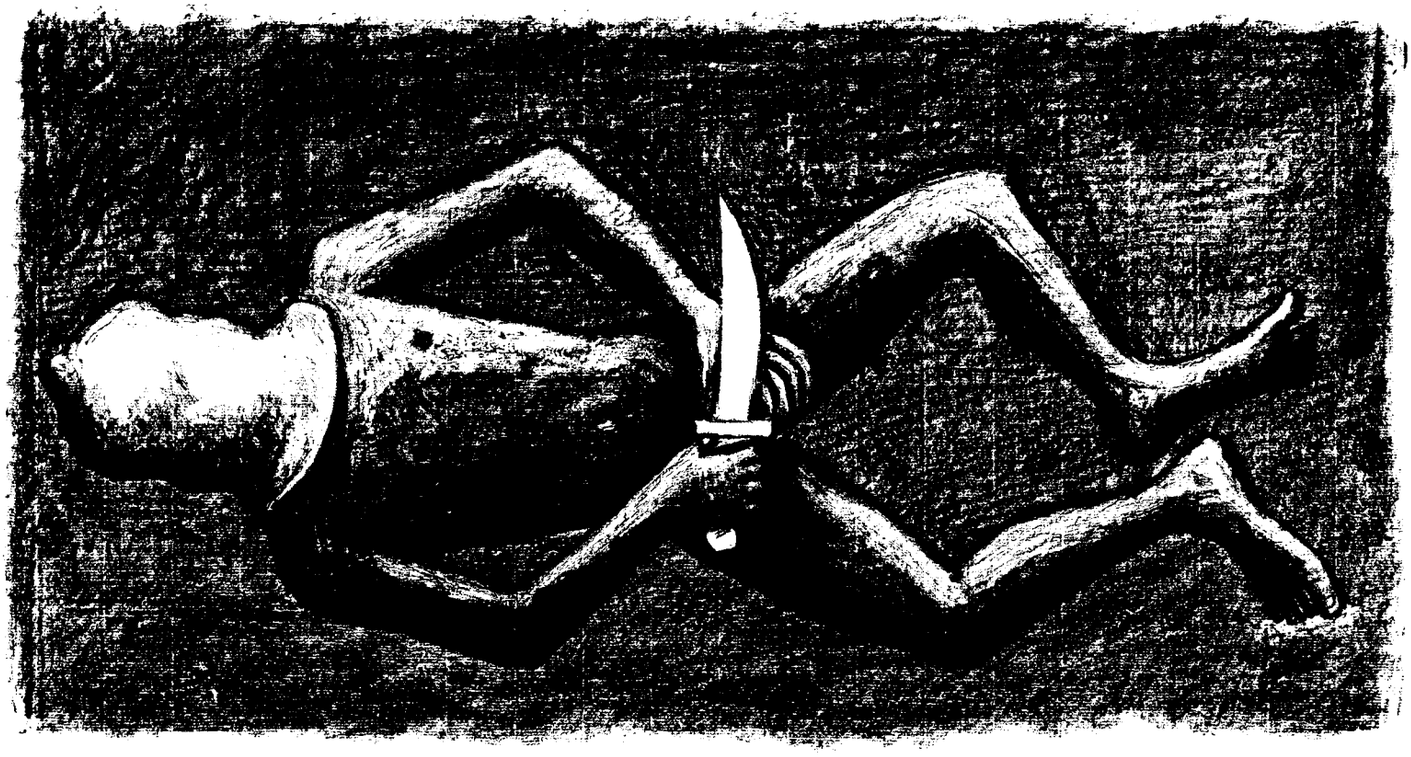

Greg Becker

society has adopted towards it—an implicit acceptance of it as something women either ask for or must endure because men cannot control themselves and, more disturbingly, should not be expected to—an attitude which has too long been reflected in the sentencing of rapists, although the proportion of rapists jailed for five years or more rose from 42 per cent in 1985 to 79 per cent in 1987. The attitudes are made explicit in the outrageous comments judges make about the way women dress, behave, the places they have chosen to go, and most offensively in the style of Judge Raymond Dean QC who recently told a jury: "when a woman says 'no' she doesn't always mean it."

Thus women are violated not just by the act itself but by the way they may be treated when reporting rape, the effective character trial many are subjected to in the witness box, by a widespread lack of understanding of why rape is one of the most devastating crimes against women.

The steady rise in the number of sex crimes is terrifying—in 1988 the number rose by 45 per cent in London and by 15 per cent nationally—so that perhaps the *Daily Express* survey, which showed that one in two women would like rapists castrated, simply reflects the fury and frustration women feel at having their lives so blighted by male violence. But can it be right that the concern with defending women's rights disregards the possibility that a man accused of rape may be denied ordinary justice? For that, potentially, is what happens when a man is refused a defence, when such is the revulsion against his *alleged* crime that he is subject to assault and abuse on remand, when publicly funded organisations concerned with civil rights refuse to have anything to do with him and when radical feminists suggest campaigning for the law to be changed so that a woman accusing a man of rape would automatically be believed and her word would be sufficient to convict.

Barrister Helena Kennedy has grappled with the question of whether a feminist perspective on the way women are treated in rape cases is compatible with defending rapists. Her belief that justice must be absolutely democratic means she will defend anybody. She says: "I have had to brave it out with other feminists that I will defend rapists. But I believe if we are going to have a presumption of innocence, which is the basis of our justice system, then we must carry it through. If you start drawing lines, extraordinary double standards start operating and you get into dangerous waters. On this basis I believe the principle that everyone is entitled to a defence is a sound one."

Solicitor Peter Kandler, whose firm in North Kensington is known for its left-wing approach and concern with human rights issues, took on the cases of Michael Jepson and Anthony Brandon. He says: "When I first started taking on rape cases there was a sense that men would boast about what they were accused of. These days men want to keep very quiet about it if they are on a rape charge. The focus brought by women has created a climate where a man accused of rape may not be seen as dispassionately as someone accused of another crime might be. The pendulum has swung against men in terms of bail. When I started doing rape cases one could get bail, but it's now very difficult."

This was so for Jepson: "I was twice refused bail because the court said I had absconded in the past but that just isn't true. I gave the police the names of witnesses who might have shown that the case was not strong but they did not follow them up. The situation was that I was alone in the flat with the woman when I was supposed to have raped her, but before that we were in a pub and then a club, with other people who made statements for my solicitor, saying that she was with me all evening. Yet she claimed she had wanted nothing to do with me and spent the evening avoiding me."

It also concerns Kandler that a man accused of rape may have to shop around more than other alleged criminals to find a solicitor to act for him which, he says, can be "distressing and undermining if he is innocent". There is another danger to a blanket policy on not defending rapists, Kandler points out, which is that black men may feel that rape is one more way to be "set up" by racist police. Jepson's view is that being black militated against him with the police: "There are strong feelings about black men going with white women." This presents a dilemma for law centres which have a commitment to fighting racism.

Kandler has seen the presumption of innocence disregarded through media reporting of rape cases and when people from the gallery shout abuse at defendants in court. He recalls: "When the firm I worked for was asked to take on the Yorkshire Ripper case half the staff said they would leave if this happened. This is a presumption of guilt, and if that had been a universal response it would have been very hard on

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the man if he had been innocent. It is a possibility that a number of men get convicted wrongly of rape."

On the other side an increasing percentage are acquitted—31 per cent in 1986 rising to 38 per cent in 1988, a potential increase in the number who have shared the ordeal of Jepson and Brandon. Ian O'Rourke, a solicitor advocate working for 40 London firms, recalls two rape cases he defended: "In one case the man couldn't get bail. He spent half a year in custody and was quite badly abused. Yet the case didn't make any sense and halfway through the trial was stopped. In the other case it was clear from every piece of evidence that the man hadn't raped her, but the defendant was in custody for part of the time." Yet he now refuses, resolutely, to defend rapists.

O'Rourke explains: "The whole criminal system is loaded against women. There are men who would like us to believe that they have an especially hard time because of the climate around rape, but the courts are generally male dominated, judges are generally male, juries tend to be weighted with men, so I think sympathy is pretty much towards the man rather than the woman. I dislike intensely that defence of an alleged rapist rests on attacking the woman and causing her maximum distress and until something is done about the whole system I don't feel it incumbent upon me to represent people charged with rape."

It will soon become harder for solicitors and barristers to take this line. Under the Courts and Legal Services Bill, an advocate will be unable to refuse a client merely because "the nature of the case is objectionable to him or any section of the public." What this will actually mean in practice remains to be seen.

Jane Hickman, a freelance solicitor who for some years has declined to defend rapists, sees the dilemma between her response to the crime, and the issue of civil liberties. She explains: "In order to defend a person with passion, and I believe that is necessary, you need to establish a bond. I can't imagine being able to establish that bond with a man who, it may turn out, clearly did commit the offence and perhaps it was aggravated. I find rape an abhorrent crime and I don't believe that with my feelings I would do the best job for a client. But I do see that if a great many solicitors refused rapists you could be faced with a civil liberties dilemma and then I would consider the situation very carefully and I might change my stance. But that situation does not arise at present because there are plenty of people who are very happy to defend rapists."

As a woman I empathise with the feelings of solicitors such as Hickman who find rape such a horrifying expression of misogyny and domination that they do not want to go where conducting a defence can lead. But as a feminist who has been involved in a struggle for rights for women who are oppressed because of powerlessness and a lack of voice, the issue of civil rights and civil liberties must extend beyond a myopic gender-centric perspective. The women's struggle is at bottom a struggle about democracy, and hence it has offered support to those oppressed by class, colour, nationality and disability. If we accept that men accused of rape are not guilty until proved so, then if they are treated otherwise, theirs too is a matter of human rights.

But this is not to disregard the oppression of women as victims of rape and the point surely is that made by Helena Kennedy that "we must try to balance the rights of the victim against the rights of the defendant." It is essential that the campaign to alter the way women bringing rape charges are treated continues.

We must try to balance the rights of the victim against the rights of the defendant

One idea is that women should be entitled to legal representation as a way of supporting and protecting them in court. But it is also vital that this issue should be separated from that of justice for men accused of rape, and because the climate which mitigates against these men has grown out of feminist campaigning, it seems to me right that feminists speak out on this. If we do not do so we are tacitly guilty of taking the *reductio ad absurdum* argument that all men are effectively rapists and therefore deserve less than basic human rights, and in doing so we undermine our own struggle for justice.

Anthony Brandon: "When police officers came and told me there was a rape allegation against me I couldn't believe it. I thought they were trying to fit me up. When they told me it was Jessica, with whom I had had sex, but who had made it absolutely clear that she wanted it, I told them the whole thing was absurd. It made no difference. Nobody wanted to listen, nobody was interested in whether I was telling the truth. I was charged and I did not have my freedom again for eleven months.

When the trial ended the jury were out for just five minutes so they had no doubts about my innocence, but I haven't got over it yet. My confidence is gone, my girlfriend has suffered and it's wrecked our sex life. I suffer psychological problems from the time inside. The other night I had a dream where I made love to a woman and afterwards, in the dream, I cut my penis off with a razor blade. I woke up clutching my genitals and shouting. I am now having some therapy but I sometimes wonder if I'll ever feel all right and able to cope again."

Michael Jepson: "I met the woman I was supposed to have raped at my sister's house when I visited one evening. She spent a lot of time talking to me, making it plain she liked me, and I liked her. We went with some others to a pub and I had intended to go home from there, but she persuaded me to join her at a club. We spent the evening together, we had a good time and went on to an acid party before going to her flat where we had sex, which we both wanted by this time. When it was over I decided to go immediately. I know that is not very nice, but I was feeling guilty about my wife and I panicked. The woman didn't want me to go and I knew she was angry. I later learned from forensic evidence that she had taken Ecstasy, a drug that heightens the emotions a lot. She had also watched the film *The Accused* the night before we met.

Three days later the police came. It was early in the morning and several officers stormed into my home. They had a warrant for my arrest and they searched the flat for clothing and a knife the woman alleges I used to force her. They didn't find anything but they took me to the police station. In the car one of them was taunting me saying "I know you did it." The jury didn't believe that but still my life seems to have been destroyed. My wife couldn't take the fact I was on a rape charge and my marriage is over. I had a business which was due to open but that couldn't happen as I was in custody and so there was no money coming in. I couldn't pay my mortgage so I lost my house. My relationship with my two children by my first marriage has also been damaged, partly because I've been away but also because when you are accused of rape people wonder...I've lost all the things I'd built up, the things which were my life and I feel I've lost the credibility I had among my people before this happened.

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A world apart

The ANC pleads for western aid while the Communist Party remains true to its Stalinist past. R W Johnson reports on the break-up of an old alliance

The current crisis over the role of the South African Communist Party and its continuing commitment to "the armed struggle" has not only placed future negotiations between de Klerk and the ANC in the balance but has served to dramatise the whole question of the future relationship between the SACP and the ANC.

The official line taken by both the ANC and SACP is that their alliance goes back to the 1920s and is well-nigh indissoluble. In fact the alliance was only really cemented in the 1950s when the Afrikaner nationalist government began to persecute both parties, throwing them into the enforced harmony of opposition. Sociologically, it was an extremely odd nexus: most of the ANC élite were young Xhosas from the Eastern Cape like Mandela, Tambo and Sisulu, while most of the communists were Lithuanian Jews from white suburban Jo'burg, typically held together by dense and multiple ties of kinship. The communists earned the lasting respect of their allies by their utterly heroic and consistent sacrifices in the struggle against racism and apartheid—a fact which none can take away from them.

They also provided a crucial leaven of intellectual support and ideological sophistication for the less well educated ANC cadres and their hand was usually to be seen in the drafting of any leaflet or document. Thus the Freedom Charter, now celebrated as the bedrock of an African future, was actually written by white communists in a back room before being grandiloquently put before an (African) "Congress of the People" which tamely ratified it unamended.

This was, indeed, the normal style of the movement—and it was the fierce resentment of the fact that you could always find those white communists cooking things up in the back room that lay behind the ultimate secession from the ANC of the Pan African Congress. The Freedom Charter, it might be noted, omits any mention of a right to strike in the post-apartheid utopia. The reason was, of course, that the SACP was solidly, almost unthinkingly Stalinist and it was the standard doctrine of the day that there would be no class contradictions under socialism, comrade...

With the crushing of the ANC mass movement after Sharpeville, and the flight into exile of the remaining ANC leadership after Rivonia, the SACP really came into its own. Black South Africans found exile a cold, hard and lonely experience. Their white communist fellow-exiles were better educated, more worldly wise and, above all, had an unrivalled international network on which to draw. They quickly made connections in the local trade union and socialist movements, colonised and controlled the anti-apartheid movements, and enjoyed exclusive access to Soviet and east European money and support. Through the 1960s and 1970s the ANC remained a fairly obscure movement—even Mandela had been little heard of outside South Africa—and it had little international support. The ability of the SACP through this long period to control the conduit of communist bloc funds to the movement was a major trump card.

The SACP's second trump was that it, from the outset, controlled the ANC's guerrilla arm, Umkhonto we Sizwe (MK), and in exile this became the only wing of the ANC within South Africa. True, its successes were few and far between and its loss rate appalling—an average MK infiltrator lasted just six months inside the country. But MK did enough to develop its own romantic mystique among the township youth and the flow of recruits grew. Over and over again MK cadres would be brought for trial, often badly tortured, and would refuse to recognise the court, maintaining an iron discipline to the end. Even in defeat MK was always the very soul of heroic defiance—and the myth grew.

MK was a classic communist operation. The recruits were sent for military and ideological training in Soviet bloc states; it depended on the same states for its weapons; and in the MK camps political commissars maintained a fierce political and military discipline. MK fighters are still educated in Marxism-Leninism, the Thoughts of Mao and a 1950s rhetoric of anti-imperialism. Conditions in the camps in the front-line states were dreadful and discontent was a continuous problem, particularly since one front-line state after another evicted the camps so the MK soldiers found themselves getting steadily further from South Africa.

Several rebellions in the camps were put down with terrible brutality. The now-admitted cases of torture of MK dissidents are clearly only the tip of an iceberg—stories are told in hushed tones of horror of dissidents being thrown to the crocodiles in front of their friends after one particularly savage rebellion in an Angolan camp. Other dissidents were tied to trees in the tropical heat and given a double dose of Palanquin, producing an agony of thirst. But the most common punishment was simply to put the dissident in a steep pit and leave him to wallow in the heat and his own excrement. There is no need to dwell on these horrors: suffice it to say that MK was a hard, hard school.

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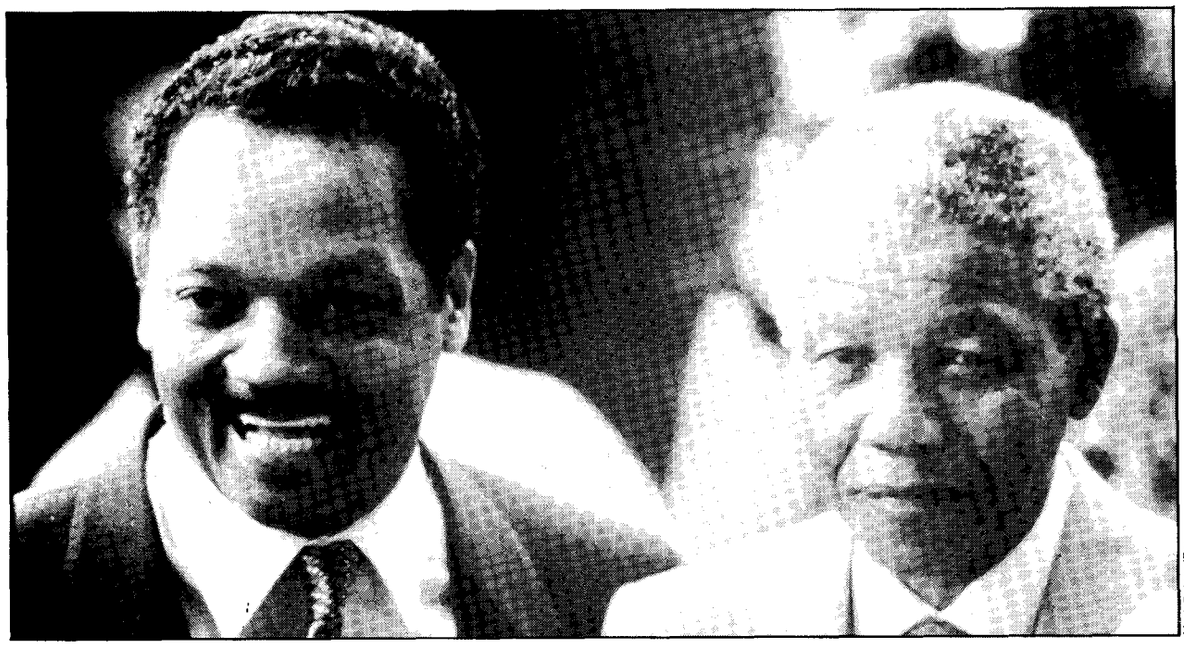

Mark Peters/Rex

Jesse Jackson: enjoys as many Mandela photo opportunities as he does as he is the biggest single conduit of US dollars to the ANC

Given its control of MK, its privileged access to money, to weapons and to international support, the SACP was successfully able to put itself forward as the Leninist arm of the movement. Its membership was secret, allegedly for security reasons—though the secret was usually not very well kept and ANC membership, which was equally punishable in South Africa, was never secret. In practice what this meant was that the SACP could become a sort of élite freemasonry within the movement, with a role very much parallel to that played by the Broederbond within Afrikanerdom. In exile, the proportion of SACP members on the ANC national executive gradually increased to the point where it conferred overall control: most estimates put the proportion at between half and three quarters.

The SACP is often referred to as one of the most Stalinist CPs in the world. But it's worth adding that the party has applied democratic centralisation to a degree seldom before seen. Thus when the last party congress, held in Havana, voted in a new Politburo, the party leader, Joe Slovo, told the congress that they did indeed have a new Politburo, but that their names would, for security reasons, have to remain secret. Only the most cynical would suggest that this gave Mr Slovo the power to handpick the Politburo of his choice.

Mr Slovo has recently re-packaged himself as a moderate reformist: he has become a latter-day convert to the virtues of *perestroika* and even those of the mixed economy; and now that Comrade Gorbachev has pointed them out, he is well able to see the faults of Stalinism. To that extent it no longer makes sense to label the SACP as Stalinist, but in another way it does. Neither a party nor its leading élites find it at all easy to lose the organisational habits of a lifetime.

The style of "debate" this implies was clear even in Slovo's recent reformist tract on the future of socialism. The paper starts off with a list of possible conclusions which are to be regarded as impermissible because Slovo finds them politically unacceptable. Within the party this proscription has, in effect, the weight of a papal bull, ruling out whole areas of discussion.

While conditions of exile prevailed the SACP's grip was so tight that party membership became, if not exactly essential to getting on in the ANC, at least something that was known to advance one's career. (If you were white you could not, until recently, join the ANC unless you were an SACP member.) This symbiosis in exile changed the party. While its leadership remained heavily white and Indian, its membership became overwhelmingly African—and, of course, many who joined it now did so as a career move.

The position is exemplified by the three great stars expected to provide the ANC's next leadership generation, Thabo Mbeki, the ANC's chief diplomat, Chris Hani, the head of MK, and Cyril Ramaphosa, the leader of the National Union of Mineworkers, the country's biggest union. All three are in their 40s and are educated men of high ability. Predictably enough, all three are Xhosas and all three are SACP members—but both Ramaphosa and Mbeki have been giving clear signs that they are no longer entirely happy in the SACP.

De Klerk's February speech unbanning the SACP meant that there would now be little excuse for its remaining as a secret freemasonry within the ANC. But while the re-legalisation and return from exile created considerable opportunities for the party, they created grave problems too. When Mandela first emerged from jail he was placed under the extremely tight control of a reception committee headed by Ramaphosa but the longer he is free the more dominant and independent a figure he becomes, with another non-communist, Sisulu, his second-in-command.

The SACP has tried to maintain organisational control by a recruitment drive within COSATU, the main trade union federation, and among the radical township youth. And, as the ANC begins to organise, the SACP is continuing to try to control the ANC's commanding heights—all but one of the newly appointed ANC regional organisers are SACP cadres.

But the balance of advantage has tilted against the party. Its followers are, to an astonishing degree, willing to ignore events in the USSR and eastern Europe—two Soviet academics who visited South Africa recently were howled down for "betraying socialism" by one university audience and had to be warned to say nothing critical of communism when they addressed township audiences. Clearly shaken, the Soviet visitors cut short their stay. But not only is the Soviet bloc model gone; so is its money; and the question of further Soviet arms deliveries to MK is now an extremely delicate one, for the USSR has for some time been pressing the ANC to abandon the armed struggle.

Moreover, now that the ANC is acting as a legal political party it is subject to a very different set of influences than it was used to in exile. On his recent foreign tour, Mandela will undoubtedly have experienced such pressures at first hand. Bush, Kohl, Thatcher and Mitterrand all want to see the abandonment of the armed struggle and will probably have warned Mandela that sanctions cannot last much longer.

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Already trade between South Africa and most of the European states has leapt ahead by 30-40 per cent in the first half of the year, which puts the writing well and truly on the wall. Moreover, last week brought the stunning news of an agreement between the De Beers diamond group and the USSR whereby the Soviet Union becomes part of the De Beers syndicate (ie, markets its 10-14 million carats of diamonds a year through De Beers' Central Selling Organization) and receives a $1 billion advance in return.

The agreement means De Beers will control over 90 per cent of the world diamond trade and, given that the advance is effectively an interest-free loan, sees South Africa becoming a major aid donor to the Soviet Union. The deal is a landmark not only for De Beers but also for the USSR. Such a decision would have been unthinkable even a year ago, but with Gorbachev opening up economic contact on such a scale with South Africa, sanctions are clearly doomed.

There is no doubt that the whole pattern of the ANC's external relationships is changing rapidly as western political and business leaders begin to treat the party as a potential successor regime. Lonrho has provided extensive support to Oliver Tambo; other businessmen have taken measures to secure an inside track too. Much was made of the fact that when in London on his recent visit Mandela cancelled a meeting with Anti-Apartheid activists but found time to meet key businessmen, but the occasion had wider parallels.

Perhaps most striking of all, given the ANC's anti-imperialist outlook and its whole previous history of international support, was the fact that Mandela made no attempt while he was on his extensive foreign tour to see Gorbachev or any eastern European leader. A crucial switch has occurred: funding for the ANC from the former Soviet bloc has dried up and been replaced largely by funding from Europe and North America. Thus Mandela's biggest fund-raising coup was to receive $10 million from Brian Mulroney, the Canadian Conservative premier, while Jesse Jackson enjoys as many Mandela photo opportunities as he does because he has become the biggest single conduit of American funds to the ANC.

Mandela's biggest fund-raising coup was to receive $10 million from Brian Mulroney, the Canadian Conservative premier

All of these factors need to be borne in mind when the crisis over the SACP's "insurrectionist plot" is examined. Doubtless, Pretoria took some pleasure in jeopardising the SACP's public re-launch on 29 July, but this was no mere media stunt—indeed, the fact that de Klerk was willing to place evidence about SACP/MK activity before Mandela, major western embassies and a number of hard-boiled journalists suggests a considerable degree of confidence on the government's part.

There are two elements to the "plot": evidence of a continuing build-up of MK cadres ready for the "armed struggle" in South Africa, and specific preparations for an insurrection. The first element is not denied by the SACP but the second is pooh-poohed as typical red smear tactics. There seems to have been some foolish talk about an insurrection which, together with the setting up of arms caches, makes complete denial difficult. On top of that, the SACP now avers that it is not bound by the Groote Schuur agreement to seek a negotiated settlement for the SACP as such did not sign the agreement. This seems to mean that Mr Slovo can take part in negotiations with the government, sign agreements and yet be wholly unbound by them. Not surprisingly, this is unacceptable to de Klerk but it is probably unacceptable to the ANC too.

The more fundamental point is simply that de Klerk sees the build-up of a strong MK organisation within the country as a betrayal of the ANC's commitment to peaceful negotiation. The debating society answer to this is that such a build-up is entirely legitimate because the ANC has not yet called off the armed struggle. The realpolitik is more complex. The MK soldiers scattered in camps in Tanzania, Uganda and Ethiopia are agitating to "go home", creating all manner of headaches for the ANC. What on earth is to be done with such men? They are mainly uneducated and most will be unemployed if they return—clearly an intolerable option. Integration into the South African army seems an unlikely option. But the ANC lacks even the money to transport the men home and is unlikely to find funding to maintain its own army, even if de Klerk were disposed to allow such a thing. On top of that, most MK members have served for years in countries where the HIV virus is rife and Aids is beginning to be a problem.

The SACP would like to strengthen MK—and has been encouraging the stealthy infiltration of MK cadres into the country with the aim of building up the organisation. MK is, after all, a major pole of SACP influence and not only the party but also key individuals such as Chris Hani draw political strength from this base. Then again, if a ceasefire is, as expected, signed before long, dignity alone will require that there should then be a substantial number of MK soldiers to stage a march past and prove that the ANC really had something to bargain with.

Beyond that, of course, the para-military far right is clearly mobilising and the ANC/SACP neither trust the army and police to protect them nor want to have to rely on them. And if law and order were to break down completely, with South Africa becoming a giant Lebanon, then the ANC/SACP, like every other group and party, would want to have its own army. In addition, some of the top MK cadres have devoted decades of their life to the organisation and are simply unable to stop thinking in terms of its ideological and military mystique. And the SACP has been slavishly brought up on Soviet history: de Klerk's February speech thus becomes the February revolution, which means there has to be an October revolution somewhere in the pipeline.

Overhanging all of this is the fact that the one thing the SACP can never do is negotiate its way to power, whereas the ANC quite probably can. Thus the SACP either needs to come to power by other means or to maintain a controlling masonic grip on the ANC. But misgiving about the SACP is growing within the ANC, as its extremely muted response to the arrest of 30 top SACP cadres showed—Walter Sisulu merely described the arrests as "not helpful". Pallo Jordan, the ANC Secretary for Information (and close associate of Thabo Mbeki) has been altogether more forthright, launching a bitter public attack on the SACP and on Joe Slovo in particular.

"The political culture nurtured by the Communist Party's leadership over the years," said Jordan, "has produced a spirit of intolerance, petty intellectual thuggery and political dissembling among its membership." Mandela, on the other hand, has rallied to Slovo's defence, if only because he wants to safeguard his leftward flank for now. But even he seems perfectly willing to go ahead with talks with de Klerk while dozens of SACP cadres (including one ANC National Executive member, Mac Maharaj) are being held in jail. Meanwhile, considerable damage has been inflicted on both the SACP and the MK, whose credibility has been hardly strengthened by the ease with which the police have again rolled up its organisation.

It is no accident that less than six months after the ubanning of the ANC and SACP, real signs of stress in their old alliance have begun to show. Real damage has been done and the inevitable showdown between the two parties is now closer than it has been for 40 years. ●

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Jekyll and Hyde

The global market threatens the professional ethic as much as Thatcher, argues Peter Townsend

Professions are two-sided. They come into being to promote laudable new social values or objectives. Their expertise is sought after. Their clients are supposed to be treated without regard to social background or income. Yet professionalism can often become a form of local imperialism depriving others of control over large areas of their lives. Clients can be induced to go for advice and action to specialists rather than confront their problems and deal with nearly all their daily activities themselves. This can result in loss of confidence as well as bureaucratic delay, and it can deepen and not only perpetuate social inequality.

The Thatcher government seems to have shifted the balance of these Jekyll and Hyde qualities to Mr Hyde. The government has been interested in two things. One is to move professional workers out of the public sector—through policies of privatisation and cash limited local and social services. The other is to restructure professional organisation so that it becomes less politically independent.

Some of the biggest battles have been over the NHS and the Bar. Yet the battles do not really address the multiplication of legal or medical work and procedures, and how unnecessary professional work might be prevented. Neither do they address the desirable role of law and medicine in a social democracy nor debate "fair" or even "legitimate" levels of remuneration. Mrs Thatcher's policies have conferred huge salary and property windfalls on professionals, at the same time as they have taken jobs and money from the poor.

What seems to explain a lot of the professional unease is the disappearance of references to public service. In the early postwar years, public service was seen as a central and honourable objective of an individual career. Public services were regarded by both political parties as necessary institutionalised reflections of that moral value. Historically both personal public service and the public services have been central to the professional ethic. Material self-advance and individual profit-making are widely regarded as shameful substitutes. In giving them overwhelming priority a country can embark on a course of self-destruction.

It is a mistake to discuss these matters solely within the national framework, for the development of international economic and social institutions are having the more enduring impact upon Britain's class society, and especially upon the professions so favourably placed in that hierarchy. From the Rome Treaty onwards those institutions have been gradually moving towards a position of dominance over the nation state. Professionals are being recruited to global corporations and to the banking and legal services which serve those corporations.

These institutions have so far accorded small priority to the organisation, finance and encouragement of public, and social, service. The international market has been riding rough-shod over such service. From the time of the Schu-

Andrzej Krauze

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mann plan onwards the collective or social service provisions of the changing membership of the European Community have been meagre.

Compare the 20 to 30 per cent of GDP spent by individual welfare states in Europe on "social protection" with the minute percentages spent within the EC budget on the Social and Regional Employment Funds—or the even more derisory sums committed to the Anti-Poverty Programmes. The European Social Charter is a frail and largely empty vessel. Consider too the weak internal as well as the external social development programmes of global corporations that have budgets larger than many nation-states.

Mrs Thatcher's objections to Europe are not in fact objections to an international market or the greater social inequality which results from that market so much as objections to any residual symbols of European social welfare and services. This can be seen in the entirely consistent outcomes of Thatcherite policies. Mrs Thatcher and her ministers believe in market values and really do believe that collectivism has advanced too far and that welfare has to be cut. This is a necessary part of the plan to discipline the working classes. Hence ministers' tenacious adherence to making public expenditure cuts. But that means cutting the benefits as well as the wages of the poor, creating unemployment, removing subsidies from employees in almost every shape and form, and terminating employment rights.

The policies are subtly interwoven and interdependent—deregulation, cuts in the rates of personal income tax, benefit targeting. Professional jobs in the public sector have often been cut too, or transferred to the private sector by means of privatisation policies. All this is the price of hailing the market and attempting to expunge public service and public services from national and professional life.

Unqualified privatisation makes for gross inefficiency and the unnecessary multiplication of jobs—especially professional jobs. Long ago Lord Beveridge documented the professional and administrative waste of having hundreds of associations running private insurance and pensions. It makes for large-scale deprivation and poverty.

Yet professional bodies have allowed themselves to become yoked to market, including international market, interests. If collective values prevailed more strongly and underpinned social organisation, workers of all kinds could be more "professional" in the desirable senses of that word and major savings could be made from the artificially large numbers and inflated salaries of professional associations.

The remedy can be found only in international planning, and policies to restore the values of public service to a more central place in national esteem. This covers the rights of guest workers, immigrants and visitors to and from the third world; the organisation of international pressure groups concerned with the interests of minorities; the development of international trade unionism and administrative and social relations between local authorities and cities in different countries; the regulation of international as well as national debt management; the promotion of the principles and practices of full employment, of general and professional education for all, and of universal social services. A tall order? Of course—but it is an alternative ideology to which many existing professionals would be prepared to dedicate their lives. ●

At the sharp end

Matthew Kennedy has spent three of his teenage years "in care". He remembers the good, the bad and the ugly faces of professional power

I was "in care" from 1986 to 1989. During that time I spent various periods in children's homes, in hospital, and in mental health and homeless hostels. I am now 19 and, thankfully, I have a flat of my own which I rent from the local council.

In June 1986 I was placed in an adolescent reception and assessment centre on a voluntary care order, following a family breakdown. The centre was a large one, with up to 25 people there at any one time. I quite enjoyed my time there, as you could lose yourself in the crowd. I had never been any good in small groups.

After about a month, I was transferred to a smaller group home which held up to eight people. I hated it, and continually absconded. I thought that if I kept on absconding, they would transfer me back to the reception centre. Instead, I was threatened with being locked up in a secure unit. Because of this threat, I decided to settle down at the home. At the time, I was rather annoyed with the social workers involved. However, I now realise that they used the power they had over me well. If I had gone to a secure unit, I would have been even more mentally scarred.

In May 1988 I left the home and moved into a hostel for the homeless. By this time I was 16, and after events at the home, my mental health had begun to suffer. I was heavily into glue sniffing. I had lost a lot of weight, and felt depressed and suicidal. The hostel staff were quite good. They didn't have as much power over me as the social workers in the home, but if I refused to do what they said I could end up on the streets. This was enough to deter me from glue sniffing.

That August I was placed in a hospital psychiatric ward under a section of the Mental Health Act. Those who enforce this act have the most power. I hated being in hospital; that power was grossly abused in a sexual form. The staff nurse on the ward was aware of my homosexuality, and sexually harassed me continually.

As I was on a section, I was not allowed to leave the ward or discharge myself. When I did fight back by trying to leave, I was given an injection to put me to sleep. I didn't talk to anyone. I had been told that if I made a complaint against the nurse, I wouldn't be believed.

When I was finally discharged, I felt relieved. However, I know I could be sectioned again to face the same ordeal if my mental health problems recur. The Mental Health Act needs reform to give patients more rights to protect themselves against the ludicrous idea that if you are mentally ill, you talk nonsense and should not be believed.

After my discharge I went to the hostel's "semi-independence" unit, and was again subject to a power-hungry social worker. Her language towards me was disgusting. She had no qualms about telling me to fuck off. She knew she could get away with it, because I knew that if I fought back I could end up on the streets. I did do things wrong, but, in an environment such as that, the pressure can cause you to make more mistakes. My mistakes did not warrant such language. This hostel was managed by an independent charity, and they could do what they wanted.

I finally moved into a mental health rehabilitation unit run by social services in April 1989, and from there got a flat of my own. The power of the staff there was put to good use. I have a lot of respect for them, as they have for me. This is the only establishment I go back to visit.

There is a link between the three cases I have described. In each one I was told that I was only a psychiatric patient, or an adolescent, or a resident in a homeless hostel. I was never told I was a human being. I am convinced that staff belittled me because they enjoyed their power and used it to make themselves look better.

Adolescents in care should not be forced to move to a place where they will be unhappy. Why should they be transferred, just to suit the needs of social workers? Even the professionals themselves are abused by those with a higher status. Too much attention is paid to promotion and self-esteem. To realise that this isn't so important would be a giant step towards more humanity for clients.

One local authority I know is going in the right direction by concentrating on "preventative care". They have opened a resource centre where social workers and families work together to prevent children from going into care. If this service had been available in 1986, perhaps I would not have been subject to so many power-hungry professionals. ●

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Senior service

Deborah Orr meets the professional élite and finds them worried about their juniors' welfare

Academic, philosopher, writer, life peer and, thanks to the Warnock Report on embryology, minor household name, **Dame Mary Warnock** would probably get short shrift from Aristotle. Given the chance to spend her life wallowing in pure philosophical contemplation, what the great man called the "highest and best activity of which man is capable", contrary Mary has instead spent much of her time eschewing philosophy and mucking in with the great and the good in their never-ending quest to tell us all what to do.

The media through which she does this vary from women's magazines to academic papers; quite a broadly based public platform. All this makes Warnock sound quite populist. So one would expect the "leftish lady intellectual", as Bryan Appleyard recently described her in the *Independent*, to be quite gung-ho in her defence of Britain's education system against the unwelcome changes of the last ten years. And so she is—up to a point.

Even a cursory reading of Warnock's recent contribution on universities to the Chatto Counterblasts series of pamphlets illustrates that she is not primarily concerned with arguing for the education system as a whole. What really makes her passionate is the government's attacks on Britain's intellectual élite—the least, one would have thought, of education's problems at the moment.

"There must be a place for people primarily interested in research," asserts Warnock. "If that came to pieces the whole profession would fall apart. There must be a protected élite." Look after the summit, and the rest of the mountain will take care of itself. Bearing in mind the kind of people who generally compose the intellectual élite, this thinking isn't a million miles away from right-wing intellectual Richard Herristein's view that, to put it crudely, higher intelligence tends to exist mainly among the upper classes because that's how they got there in the first place. This would make our beloved royals the smartest folks of all.

Indeed, Warnock doesn't dismiss this view, but describes it as "terribly simplistic. Change in what goes on at school is needed. The National Curriculum is a tiny step in the right direction. The defect of the élite at the moment is that it is drawn from too narrow a field. There is a fund of natural talent which people do not think of approaching." That's more what we expect to hear from a "leftish lady intellectual". But as Warnock pointed out in her response to the Chilvers Report on teachers' pay, more than money is needed to revitalise the demoralised. It needs respect. How can that be achieved when one section of the teaching community—the academics—is separated and fêted as an élite?

"It's not just a matter of respect," says Warnock. "The élite are paid to push forward the frontiers of knowledge, therefore stimulating the teachers. One thing that could easily improve things would be to have crossover between schools and further education. I'm in an unusual position as I left teaching in university (Oxford) to teach at a school (Oxford Girls' High School) then returned to university (as Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge)." This hardly looks like taking the bull by the horns. But Mary Warnock is no snob. "If I were asked what my profession was, I think I would say 'teacher'," she says.

Ian McColl is Baron of Bermondsey. (He must really like the Tory party to accept a life peerage as silly-sounding as that.) He's something of a man alone in the medical profession at the moment. The head of surgery at Guy's Hospital is one of the few medics actually to approve of the government's future vision of the NHS. In fact, he helped formulate the damned thing—hence the place in the Lords. But Professor McColl is not afraid of standing alone. "I've been a rebel from the word go," he says. "When I was seven I was a choirboy, at three shillings and fourpence a term. I led the other boys in a strike and we got a rise."

At present he aims to lead the staff of Guy's in opting out of health authority control. After the six-to-one in favour vote of a recent working party, he has high hopes that his plans will be every bit as successful as his choirboy triumph. McColl is quite infectiously enthusiastic about the NHS's future.

"The NHS has been good to me," he says, "and I enormously enjoy my work. I'm very privileged. I personally have no grumbles, it's the junior staff I'm concerned about. There's too much security for older people. I want more security for junior staff and less for consultants. Once hospitals are allowed to run their own affairs and more money comes in, they'll be rewarded better."

So if it's all so fab, why is almost all the medical profession against the NHS and Community Care Act? "The profession is facing change and doesn't like it. For example, we've been shouting for years about the lack of preventative medicine. Now we can offer it, and they're resisting it. In 1948 the BMA was totally against the NHS. Aneurin Bevin cleverly resorted to what he called 'stuffing their mouths with gold' and offered merit awards before they would go along with it. I think the changes are brilliant. The problem is that the white paper coincided with the new GPs' contract. They have a lot of paperwork now, but they'll get to grips. It actually gives them what they wanted."

Obviously, McColl is going to field any kind of criticism of the NHS. Indeed, one begins to wonder if a man so enthusiastic about medicine and so supportive of the concept of the NHS can be as wrong-headed as the BMA is making out. If his interest in changing the NHS is so benign, let's see what good things he has to say about its evolution since it was set up. "For a start there's a wider mix now, more black people, more women, schools other than public schools. That's been happening for at least 25 years." Ah, round about the time when the current grants system came in. Doesn't Lord McColl think that the student loan scheme might stop that progress? No hesitation: "Not at all. Absolute nonsense." McColl stands alone again. ●

Mary Warnock. Born 1924. Fellow in philosophy, St Hugh's, Oxford, 1949-66; Headmistress, Oxford High School for Girls, 1966-72; Research fellow, St Hugh's and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, 1972-84; Mistress of Girton, Cambridge since 1985. Chairman of inquiries on special education (1974-78) and human fertilisation (1982-84). Publications include *Existentialist Ethics* (1966) and *A Common Policy on Education* (1988). Life peer 1985.

Ian McColl. Born 1933. Registrar at St Bartholomew's, Great Ormond Street, Guy's Hospitals; research fellow, Harvard Medical School. Reader in surgery, Bart's (1967-71); director of surgery, Guy's (from 1971). Medical adviser to BBC TV from 1976; consultant surgeon to the Army from 1982; President, Mildmay Mission Hospital. Life peer 1989.

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Inn fighting

Free-market reforms alone won't open up the legal profession, argues Helena Kennedy

It came as quite a shock to the left at the Bar when Lord Mackay, the Lord Chancellor, proclaimed his package of reforms. There had been rumblings for some time that Maggie had designs on the Ancient and Noble profession. Most of us had taken a malicious delight in stoking the terror of our Conservative brothers in law, with dire warnings that if the unions got it in the neck for featherbedding their members and the closed shop was under attack, it was only a matter of time before the chill winds of the marketplace blew through the great monopoly that is the Bar. It was whispered that there were already sensible fellows at the commercial Bar making informal arrangements to be consultants with large city firms of solicitors.

The whole business struck terror in the hearts of barristers, who saw the removal of the restrictive practice that allows only barristers to practise in the High Court as a step towards the creation of a fused profession. "Fusion" is the nightmare of the Bar, with fantasies of glamorous solicitors' firms snapping up their favourite barristers and those not asked to dance ending up in some obscure high street. What misery after the loveliness of the Inns of Court! What wretchedness after all those years of people thinking we were grander than the mere solicitor!

The reforms of the Court and Legal Services Bill initially produced hysteria in the ranks of the Bar. Even progressive lawyers who had been advocating changes of a similar kind for years were rattled that they were coming from a Conservative government. Clearly, the ideology behind the proposals by the Lord Chancellor was rather different from that of the Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers, but there were large areas of agreement. The left, suspicious when the other folk come bearing gifts, was originally in disarray as to its response.

Our area of agreement was that legal services should be much more consumer-oriented. If a client wanted his or her solicitor to act alone it should be possible. The restrictive practices do seem rather crazy to the public. However straightforward your case, however experienced your solicitor, you are required to have a barrister if your case happens to be in the High Court, where the Bar has exclusive rights of audience. When Cyril Smith MP wished his solicitor to read out in court an agreed statement in settlement of a libel action, he was forced to retain a barrister to do it.

But we suspected a hidden agenda. The appropriation of the left strategy for change could well have a motive beyond improved efficiency. Such change could be used as a cost-cutting exercise, reducing the availability of Legal Aid. The Legal Aid authorities could insist that only one lawyer—one advocate solicitor—undertake a case where normally the poor client would have the joint expertise of solicitor and counsel. We all warned about the attack on the independence of the legal profession which could underpin the reforms. Government control is not an improvement on judicial control. However, lawyers do not have a lot of credibility when they give such warnings. To many people the eloquent defences of the status quo smack of grand principles disguising self-interest. The image of the fat-cat lawyer lives long in the public memory.

Even if solicitors as well as barristers are allowed to argue cases in the High Court, the reality is that few will choose to do so. The other demands of a solicitor's practice mean that court appearances take up ill-afforded time. But there will be occasions when a client will be better served in court by his or her solicitor, rather than a barrister instructed the night before because the original counsel is no longer available.

Many more young lawyers may start off as solicitors, get a taste for advocacy, and move across to the Bar. What we may see is a change in the size and nature of the Bar, with professional divisions becoming much less distinct. If everyone has access to the High Courts we could create a much bigger catchment from which all judges could be drawn. Currently, solicitors cannot aspire to the High Court bench, leaving the Bar as the only pool from which the appointments are made.

The whole ethos of the Bar is still that of the gentleman's club, which works against women. Many more women are entering the profession and most could knock their male competitors into a cocked hat. But the very workings of the Bar are not conducive to women's advance. Dining in hall, circuit dinners, Bar mess committees and wine committees, not to mention the myriad of Bar Council committees at which a kind of unspoken masonic networking goes on... these closed worlds never work well for women.

It is hard to imagine, though, that the ethos of the marketplace is going to favour women any more than that of the old club. There is power in the argument that it should be better for women and minorities, because ability becomes the real commodity, not the old school tie. However, the marketplace has not always been very responsive to the reality of women's lives either. It takes little account of the fact that women are the people who have babies.

In power, Labour has always avoided taking on the legal profession. There are too many friends at court. By a strange irony, radical change has come from the other side of the house. Interestingly, it had to be led by an outsider, the Scottish Lord Chancellor, who is not a club or old-school-tie man. In some ways only a Conservative government could get away with it.

It would be nice, though, if the Labour Party would take up the challenge this opportunity poses. Women are particularly dissatisfied with the way many judges deal with rape, and other offences of violence against women. They want to see a different composition of the bench. Roy Hattersley's response to proposals for a bill of rights is that we cannot trust the judiciary. The answer to that is reform. That debate should start now. ●

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Bedside manner

Maria Manning on the rich men's club at the top

Women

We will not get into penis envy here, but perhaps possession of a pair of testicles improves one's performance as a surgeon or architect. If not, it is difficult to explain why 97 per cent of surgeons and 92 per cent of architects are so endowed. Sexism can't explain the under-representation of women because, of 14 professional bodies surveyed this year, none reported that overt sexual discrimination was a problem. Perhaps there is some other, covert variety of discrimination at work?

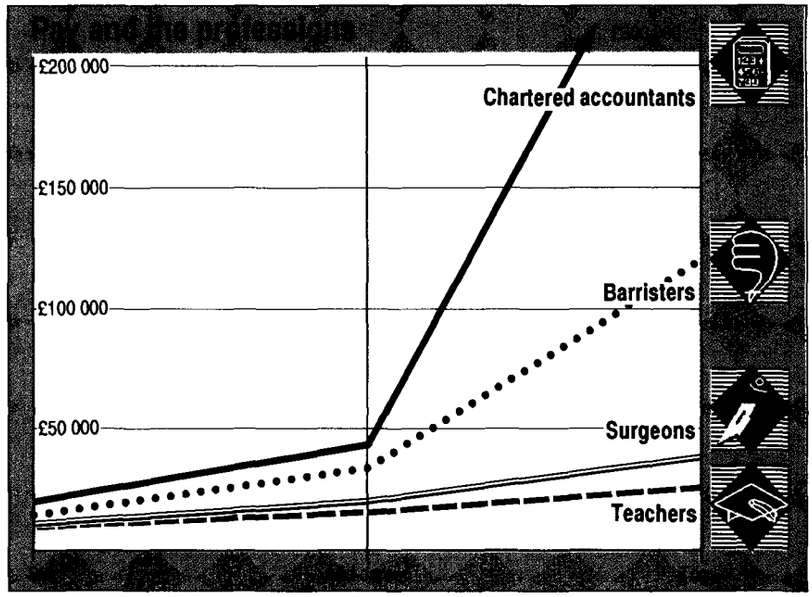
Engineers claim they do not get enough female graduates, and their image acts as a deterrent at (and well before) the undergraduate stage. Despite promoting part-time work and career breaks, and a six-year campaign aimed at changing traditional attitudes, 99.5 per cent of engineers at the professional level are men. However, 50 per cent of all medical graduates are women, so lack of qualified female entrants can't be cited to explain how or why women are exluded from the upper echelons of the medical profession.

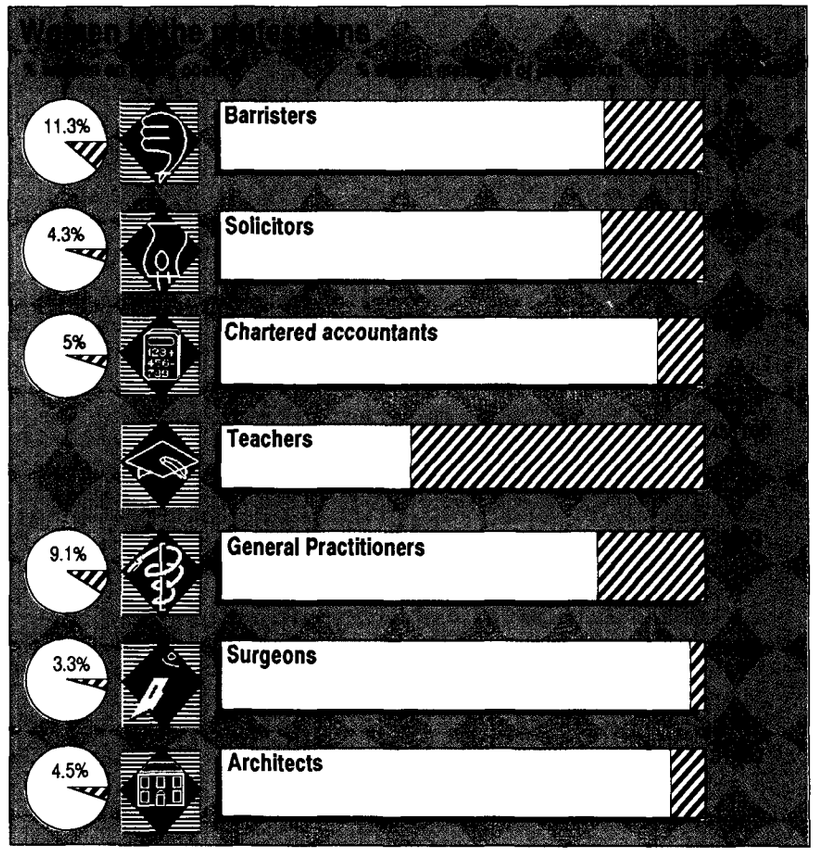
The UK Inter-Professional Group found that women made up only 17.5 per cent of the 14 professions they studied (which did not include teachers), and only 8.9 per cent of their ruling councils—the policy-making professional bodies. Numerical under-representation is compounded by a profoundly unequal distribution of power within the professions. The distribution of pay and status is similarly unequal. Women are largely confined to the lower levels of professional career structures. Only 3 per cent of surgeons are women while 22.4 per cent of general practitioners are. Down at the nursing level, women far outnumber men.

Pay

It is difficult to quantify pay in the professions, especially for the high fliers at the very top. The graph shows earnings on entry, at "mid-career"—seven to ten years after entry—and at the top of career structures. The figures for chartered accountants represent national averages for the start and mid-career positions, but the top figure represents informed "guesstimates" about the earnings of equity partners in the top city firms or financial directors of large public limited companies.

Barristers are essentially self-employed, and may contribute to their chambers' overheads out of the fees they are paid. The figures represent national averages for start and mid-career positions, and average silks' (Queen's Counsel) earnings at the top. Surgeons' earnings obviously depend on whether they are doing NHS or private work; many do a combination of both. The figures here are for NHS consultants who, at the top of the formal pay structure, earn up to £41,000. Some consultants receive individual merit or long service awards which can double their salaries. Around half of all teachers also receive discretionary allowances of between £925 and £5,088 as recruitment and retention aids for individual posts or subject areas. However, at the top of the profession head teachers receive no such allowances, and £36,573 is the absolute pay ceiling.





Tony Garrett

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LETTERS

Tyranny of the barons

So, R W Johnson was right all along (R W Johnson, "Arthur's last stand", 27 July) and Arthur Scargill is a corrupt trade union baron and the miners' strike, "a great myth", was consequently unworthy of the sacrifices made. Supporters like myself who organised national appeals for miners' families and paid over half a million pounds into a bank account controlled by an associate of Arthur Scargill were suckers, besotted by the Great Leader. Instead we should have followed Johnson's far-sighted example and simply wheeled a trolley-load of tins from our local supermarket into the hands of grateful and understanding miners. Then our consciences would be clear and we could read the revelations in the *Daily Mirror* with a delicious feeling of "I told them so."

I wonder. I wonder whether someone as concerned as Johnson is about democracy should be quite so complacent about what has been written about Scargill.

Personally, I've never believed Arthur Scargill walked on water. Apart from anything else, I've always been wary of bossy Yorkshiremen. (It always seems to be outside commentators who want left-wing leaders to be like Jesus and, when they are not, castigate the causes they lead.)

The miners' strike was an industrial war, prepared for and provoked by government. A war without rules, in which one side used the law to wipe out the other through sequestration of its funds. In these conditions the NUM executive voted to give total authority to the three-man leadership of the NUM—Scargill, Heathfield and McGahey—to evade the sequestrator in order to maintain the union and and sustain the strike. In conditions of war the executive waived its right to know in favour of the Generals. In 1989 when all the restraints of sequestration were lifted, and the debts to other unions had been paid, the Troika should, in my opinion, have reported back to the members' representative. And the executive should have insisted on it.

Scargill's failure to ensure that the Troika gave a full report of their necessary financial dealings has made him vulnerable to a campaign of innuendo whose driving force is unclear. The problem with Johnson is that he seems to accept this innuendo as fact. The *Daily Mirror*—the paper setting the pace—seems more concerned to publish a pantomime serial. When a part of the plot is destroyed by an uncomfortable fact, the pantomime laughs and sneers along regardless. For instance, three weeks *after* the Lightman report concluded that there was no truth in the *Mirror*'s story of Scargill using Libyan money to pay his mortgage, the *Mirror* reported, under the sub-heading "FACT", that in "Dec 1984 Roger Windsor, then NUM chief executive, arrives with £163,000 in cash from Libya, Scargill counts out £25,000 and declares, 'this is for my mortgage'."

Another evasion by the *Mirror* of truth in favour of the pantomime, comes from Ken Cameron. In one of the *Mirror*'s reports, building up a picture of money sloshing around for Scargill's personal use, it reported that Cameron sent £20,000 and never received a receipt. When Cameron sent the *Mirror* a statement for published correction with a copy of the receipt, it refused to publish it.

The facts about the Russian miners are treated in the same thuggish manner. I was suprised to see Johnson talk with such certainty about "Soviet leaders being thunderstruck" that Soviet miners' money never reached England. Reports I have seen of comments from Soviet miners' leaders, as distinct from Massalovitch, a member of NTS, "an organisation with long links with western intelligence" (*Guardian*, 27 July), is that there is dispute between *them* over whether money was ever sent, as distinct from food and holidays provided.

Johnson mentions Charter 88. As someone concerned about the cultural and economic conditions for democracy, as well as the constitutional ones, I feel more strongly than ever before that we in Charter 88 must find ways of challenging not only the baronies of Westminster, Whitehall, and the Temples of Court, but also the barons of Fleet Street or Docklands.

There is an immediate practical step. The *Mirror* has appointed an ombudsman: The Right Honourable Peter Archer. I hope he does a "Lightman" on the *Mirror*. If every move of the press barons—and the city—was put under the same scrutiny as Lightman put Arthur Scargill, we might get nearer to becoming a democracy.

Hilary Wainwright
University of Manchester
Manchester

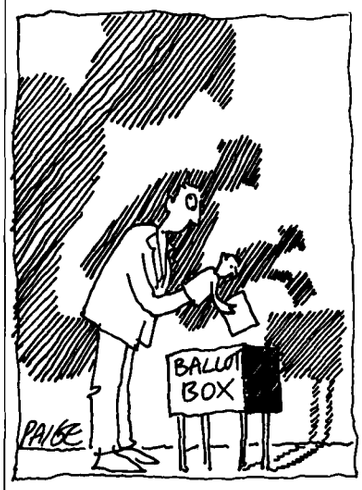
Witchfinder general

May I nominate R W Johnson for the post of witchfinder general in the new society that Charter 88 will win for us all?

As to his ominous warning that unionists shall be judged by their reaction to the Scargill case, surely the doubtful ones could be thrown in a pond somewhere.

For the life of me I can't remember whether the bad ones are supposed to sink or float but I'm sure Johnson will know.

John Keane
Victoria Square
Rostrevor
N. Ireland



Shadow play

Like Stuart Weir, I too spent Bastille Day this year making a Charter 88 "Date with Democracy" at Euston Road Friends Meeting House. Unlike Stuart, however, rather than a satisfying Athenian feel from a debate in the sun (Diary, 20 July), I recollect spending time in the cave of "Capitalism and Rights" watching the passing shadows on the wall. The starkest of these was cast by, nay perhaps was, Bill Griffiths (Conservative councillor and former Home Office adviser), who asserted that he knew of only two rights worth speaking of: the right to vote and the right to vote for what you want—politics as pure consumption.

The shadow play in the other workshop session which I attended, "Science, Survival and Democracy", was less stark but still left me with a slightly giddy feeling. That, in a culture that is predominantly secular and scientific, so many of the speakers from the floor could describe themselves as "non-scientists", could describe themselves in contrast to the predominant culture, and could apparently find such a description unproblematic, strikes me as something of a problem.

I did get a glimpse of the sunlight occasionally however. The ray that touched me was the "Culture of Citizenship". But hang on and stop squinting. Wouldn't this demand some minimal shared ethical sensibility in which the idea of rights is grounded? And doesn't this have to be argued for and lived, not simply assumed? Argued for and lived, moreover, in the space between the dark narrow cave and the blinding light of the sun.

F Brogan
Foxwood
York

Is seeing believing?

I was puzzled by Jean Seaton's review of *Seeing and Believing: The Influence of Television* (Books, 13 July). She writes that the book does not come to terms with the possibility that "there were people who disagreed with (the miners) sincerely without being brainwashed by television".

Yet, a large part of the analysis and the conclusions of the book relate exactly to the processes by which audiences evaluate television messages. In other words it looks at what audiences bring to television, such as their own experiences, beliefs and processes of logic, all of which condition what is finally accepted or rejected.

Some members of the audience (including the police officers who were interviewed) rejected major elements of the television message and they could do so irrespective of whether they "sincerely" disagreed with the miners. They did so using their own experience and knowledge of events such as picketing.

But it was also clear that the bulk of the audience did not have any direct experience of picketing or direct knowledge of the mining industry. In the absence of such knowledge, they were more likely to rely on the media and especially television as a source of information. A majority of the sample believed that most picketing involved physical violence. No one who had actually been to a picket line believed this. In

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this sense the book shows that television is a very powerful influence on beliefs, while being a long way from concepts such as "brainwashing".

Greg Philo
Glasgow University Media Group
Southpark Avenue
Glasgow

Fighting derecognition

The NUJ is far from being the only union facing concerted derecognition ("Hard news", 20 July). The fight to defend trade unions goes on, not only for many journalists, but also for many other workers resisting pressure by the employers.

Employees in Britain have the weakest rights in Europe. Britain even shuns the new Social Charter, which had sparked some fears among employers, and the government continually seeks to undermine European directives on staff rights. We have found growing support for the Press for Union Rights Campaign, which the NUJ helped to found, to give employees in Britain a clear right to a union voice which is commonplace in other western democracies.

John C Foster
Press for Union Rights
Grays Inn Road
London WC1

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please)

● Laurie Berry says: "If I visit a block of flats and get in the lift—normally, nobody talks to you in lifts in London—but if I've got my spray in my hand they say 'It's the pest control man, when are you coming round?'" Laurie once sprayed for cockroaches in a home full of mourners after a funeral: "I said 'Look, this is obviously not a good time.' But they said 'No, no, you come in. You've got a job to do.'"—*Guardian* (George Moor)

● He is the quintessential self-made bishop. He grew up in Barking, east London, and left his secondary modern school with no O levels. Yet after a spell as a wireless operator during National Service, he somehow ended up with a PhD from London University.—*Guardian* on George Carey (Richard Exell)

● A war game referee was recovering in hospital yesterday after he was pistol-whipped by a player he had declared dead, police disclosed.—*Guardian* (Oswald Hull)

FRINGE BENEFITS

End of term

Colin Ward

The school year tends to end not so much with a bang as a quiet drifting away. The fourth-years are on "work experience" while the fifth-years have evaporated after GCSE. So it's nice to record that one of our local comprehensives, Claydon High School, north of Ipswich (11-16 with 520 pupils) drew everyone in for a combined-arts celebration that contradicts all that narrow subject-bound "back-to-basics" wisdom that comes from successive secretaries of state for education.

My impression, confirmed in a lot of places, is that teachers have been demoralised by the sheer volume of paperwork imposed by our present government, with its intention of setting schools free from any dogma it happens to dislike. At Claydon, the head, Derek Roberts, contradicted my pessimism. "Just look around you," he said, and the head of art, Val Nelson, made the same point. One of the art teachers, Sue Griffiths, reflected, "When I first came into education we all thought we were involved with everyone's kids, not just the ones in our own particular school, and that we were going to battle together against tremendous odds. Now I think that for most teachers it's a matter of keeping your head above water."

They've kept their heads above water at Claydon, and its end-of-year triumph was the exhibition on which the third-years worked non-stop, and the evening music-drama performance to which everyone in the village came. It was the result of Val Nelson's application for support to the Living Arts Project, funded by the Gulbenkian Foundation and based at the Stantonbury Campus, Milton Keynes, to promote a documentary arts initiative in "outlying areas".

The aim of the project, which is spread around places far more outlying than Suffolk, was "to present opportunities to connect schools with their neighbourhoods, young people with old people, arts with life, history with now. There is nothing magical or difficult about getting started. You just have to dig where you stand."

Quite apart from the hope of linking all the arts with English, history and geography, the theme was irresistible for Claydon High School because *Dig Where You Stand* literally encompasses its own history, faithfully shown in the exhibition.

Claydon started in 1937, hiving off the 11-14s from the all-age village schools into a brand-new building, as recommended 11 years earlier in the Hadow Report, with the ambition of preparing them for the world of work. This durable red-brick structure with its horizontal glazing-bars in the metal windows is the core of the present-day school, a monument to endless educational ambitions. In 53 years there have only been three heads.

The current crop of children have interviewed those ancestors who remember the first head, Maurice Britton. He really believed in *Dig Where You Stand*, and his answer to the search for an appropriate rural curriculum was, as the oldies verify, to get everyone digging. They were drawn into a huge programme of garden-making, covering the site now occupied by extensions to the school.

The war came, and the busily executed lawns, flowerbeds and ornamental steps were ruthlessly dug up, at the head's insistence, for vegetable-growing. Not only that, but among the gas-masks and ration-cards, the present pupils have recorded how a swarm of urban evacuees arrived to gawp at the clod-hoppers with their cabbages and carrots and the school piggery, sustained by every parent in Claydon.

After 1947 the site was dug over again to turn the school into a secondary modern with a leaving age of 15. Then came the 1970s, with the age raised to 16, the title changed to comprehensive, the curriculum enlarged once more, and the site dug up once more for new buildings. As in every school round here the subject once called gardening, then rural studies, was first renamed environmental studies and then absorbed into general science. It is fascinating to see how the one subject on the timetable broad enough to encompass the experience of generations of local people is *art*, widened as it always is in practice, to embrace everything that doesn't involve the absorption of ready-made knowledge. Like a sponge, it holds together enthusiasms from textiles and creative writing to drama and music.

I don't think it has much to do with the godsend of Gulbenkian cash, even though that included things like paying for a musician in residence for a week to inspire the songs for the evening performance. It's more the prestige that comes from some outside body pushing in a bit of support and confirming that teachers aren't totally on their own. It confirms what we all (except the minister) know: that the arts are the catalyst that pulls together and justifies everyone's involvement in education.

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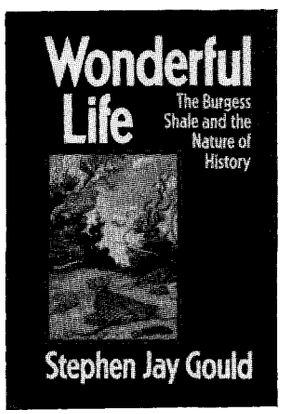

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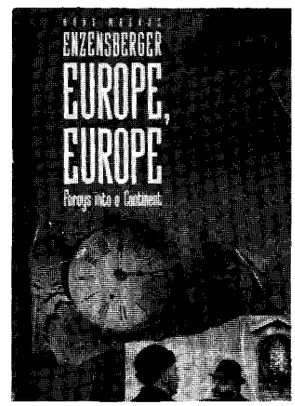

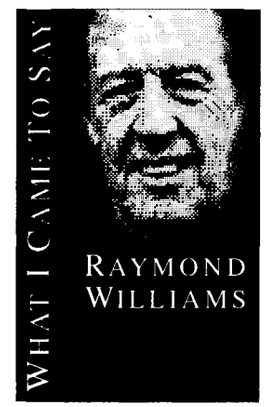

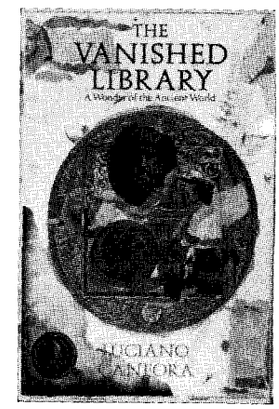

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Blood blood blood

He put his knee up on her chest getting ready to pull, tilting the pliers. Sorry, he said. Sorry. She couldn't see his face. The pores on the backs of his fingers sprouted hairs, single black wires curling onto the bleached skin of the wrist, the veins showing through. She saw an artery move under the surface as he slackened the grip momentarily, catching his breath; his cheeks a kind of mauve colour, twisting at something inside her mouth. The bones in his hand were bruising her lip. And that sound of the gum tugging back from what he was doing, the jaw creaking. Her jaw. If you closed your eyes it made you feel dizzy,

Janice Galloway's first novel, "The Trick is to Keep Breathing", was published earlier this year to great acclaim. Since first publication in the "Edinburgh Review", her short stories have appeared in a wide variety of literary magazines and anthologies.

She was born in Ayrshire, where she taught for ten years. Now she makes her living from writing and reviewing music. "Blood" is the title story of her forthcoming collection.

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imagining it, and this through the four jags of anaesthetic, that needle as big as a power drill. Better to keep her eyes open, trying to focus past the blur of knuckles to the cracked ceiling. She was trying to see a pattern, make the lines into something she could recognise, when her mouth started to do something she hadn't given it permission for. A kind of suction. There was a moment of nothing while he steadied his hand, as if she had only imagined the give. She heard herself swallow and stop breathing. Then her spine lifting, arching from the seat, the gum parting with a sound like uprooting potatoes, a coolness in her mouth and he was holding something up in the metal clamp; great bloody lump of it, white trying to surface through the red. He was pleased.

There you go eh? Never seen one like that before. The root of the problem ha ha.

All his fillings showed when he laughed, holding the thing out, wanting her to look. Blood made a pool under her tongue, lapping at the back of her throat and she had to keep the head back instead. Her lips were too numb to trust: it would have run down the front of her blazer.

Rinse, he said. Cough and a spit.

When she sat up he was holding the tooth out on a tissue, roots like a yellow clawhammer at the end, one point wrapping the other.

See the twist? Unusual to see something like that. Little twist in the roots.

Like a deformed parsnip. And there was a bit of flesh, a piece of gum or something nipped off between the crossed tips of bone.

Little rascal, he said.

Her mouth was filling up, she turned to the metal basin before he started singing again. *She's leaving now cos I just heard the slamming of the door* then humming. He didn't really know the words. She spat dark red and thick into the basin. When she resurfaced, he was looking at her and wiping his hands on something like a dishtowel.

Expect it'll bleed for while, bound to be messy after that bother. Just take your time getting up. Take your time there. No rush.

She had slid to the edge of the chair, dunting the hooks and probes with having to hold on. The metal noise made her teeth sore. Her stomach felt terrible and she had to sit still, waiting to see straight.

Fine in a minute, he said. Wee walk in the fresh air. Wee walk back to school.

He finished wiping his hands and grinned, holding something out. A hard thing inside tissue. The tooth.

You made it, you have it haha. There you go. How's the jaw?

She nodded, and pointed to her mouth. This almost audible sound of a tank filling, a rising tide over the edges of the tongue.

Bleed for a while like I say. Don't worry though. Redheads always bleed worse than other folk. Haha. Sandra'll get you something: stop you making a mess of yourself.

Sandra was already away. He turned to rearrange the instruments she had knocked out of their neat arrangement on the green cloth.

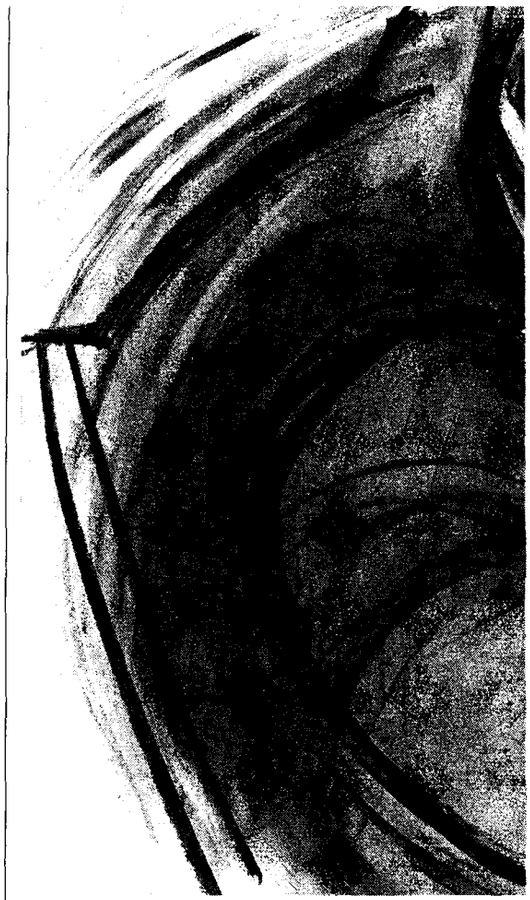
Redheads, see. *Don't take your love to town.*

Maybe it was a joke. She tried to smile back till the blood started silting again. He walked over to the window as Sandra came back with a white pad in her hand. The pad had gauze over the top, very thick with a blue stripe down one side. Loops. A sanitary towel. The dentist was still turned away, looking out of the window and wiping his specs and talking. It took a minute to realise he was talking to her. It should stop in about an hour or so he was saying. Maybe three at the outside. Sandra pushed the pad out for her to take. If not by six o'clock let him know and they could give her a shot of something ok? Looking out the whole time. She tried to listen, tucking the loops at the ends of the towel in where they wouldn't be obvious, blushing when she put it up to her mouth. It was impossible to tell if they were being serious or not. The dentist turned back, grinning at the spectacles he was holding between his hands.

Sandra given you a wee special there. Least said haha. Redheads eh? *Oh Roooobeee*, not looking, wiping the same lens over and over with a cloth.

The fresh air was good. Two deep lungfuls before she wrapped her scarf round the white pad at her mouth and walked. The best way from the surgery was past the flats with bay windows and gardens. Some had trees, crocuses and bits of cane. Better than up by the building site, full of those shouting men. One of them always shouted things, whistled loud enough to make the whole street turn and look. Bad enough at the best of times. Today would have been awful. This way was longer but prettier and there was nothing to stop her taking her time. She had permission. No need to worry about getting there for some particular ring of some particular bell. Permission made all the difference. The smell of bacon rolls at the café fetched her nose coffee and chocolate. They spoiled when they reached her mouth, heaped up with sanitary towel and the blood still coming. Her tongue wormed towards the soft place, the dip where the tooth had been, then back between tongue root and the backs of her teeth. Thick fluid. A man was crossing the road, a greyhound on a thin lead, a woman with a pram coming past the phone box. Besides, girls didn't spit in the street. School wasn't that far though, not if she walked fast. She clutched the tooth tight in her pocket and walked, head down. The pram was there before she expected it; sudden metal spokes too near her shoes before she looked up, eyes and nose over the white rim of gauze. The woman not even noticing but keeping on, ploughing up the road while she waited at the kerb with her eyes on the gutter, trying hard not to swallow. Six streets and a park to go. Six streets.

The school had no gate, just a gap in the wall with pillars on either side that led into the playground. The blacked-out window was the staff room: the others showed occasional heads, some white faces watching. The music block was nearest. Quarter to twelve. It would be possible to wait in the practice rooms till the dinner bell in 15 minutes and not shift till the afternoon. She was in no mood, though, not



even for that. Not even for the music. It wouldn't be possible to play well. But there was no point in going home either because everything would have to be explained in triplicate when the mother got in and she never believed you anyway. It was all impossible. The pad round her mouth was slimy already, the wet going cold further at the far sides. She could go over and ask Mrs McNiven for another towel and just go anyway, have a lie-down or something but that meant going over to the other block, all the way across the playground again and the faces looking out knowing where you were going because it was the only time senior girls went there. And this thing round her mouth. Her stomach felt terrible too. She suddenly wanted to be in the music rooms, soothing herself with music. Something peaceful. Going there made her feel better just because of where it was. Not like at home. You could just go and play to your heart's content. That would be nice now, right now this minute, going up there and playing something: the Mozart she'd been working on, something fresh and clean. Turning, letting the glass door close, she felt her throat thicken, closing over with film. And that fullness that said the blood was still coming. A sigh into the towel stung her eyes. The girls' toilets were on the next landing.

Yellow. The light, the sheen off the mirrors. It was always horrible coming here. She could usually manage to get through the days without having to, waiting till she got home and drinking nothing. Most of the girls did the same, even

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Julia Powell

just to avoid the felt-tip drawings on the girls' door—mostly things like split melons only they weren't. All that pretending you couldn't see them on the way in and what went with them, GIRLS ARE A BUNCH OF CUNTS still visible under the diagonal scores of the cleaners' Vim. Impossible to argue against so you made out it wasn't there, swanning past the word CUNTS though it radiated like a black sun all the way from the other end of the corridor. Terrible. And inside, the yellow lights always on, nearly all the mirrors with cracks or warps. Her own face reflected yellow over the nearside row of sinks. She clamped her mouth tight and reached for the towel loops. Its peeling away made her mouth suddenly cold. In her hand, the pad had creased up the centre, ridged where it had settled between her lips and smeared with crimson on the one side. Not as bad as she had thought, but the idea of putting it back wasn't good. She wrapped it in three paper towels instead and stuffed it to the bottom of the wire bin under the rest, bits of paper and God knows what, then leaned over the sinks, rubbing at the numbness in her jaw, rinsing out. Big, red drips when she tried to open her mouth. And something else. She watched the slow tail of red on the white enamel, concentrating. Something slithered in her stomach, a slow dullness that made it difficult to straighten up again. Then a twinge in her back, a recognisable contraction. That's what the sweating was, then, the churning in her gut. It wasn't just not feeling well with the swallowing and imagining things. Christ. It wasn't supposed to be due for a week yet. She'd have to use that horrible toilet paper and it would get sore and slip about all day. Better that than asking Mrs McNiven for two towels, though, anything was better than asking Mrs McNiven. The cold tap spat water along the length of one blazer arm. She was turning it the wrong way. For a frightening moment, she couldn't think how to turn it off then managed, breathing out, tilting forward. It would be good to get out of here, get to something fresh and clean, Mozart and the white room upstairs. She would patch something together and just pretend she wasn't bleeding so much, wash her hands and be fit for things. The white keys. She pressed her forehead against the cool concrete of the facing wall, swallowing. The taste of blood like copper in her mouth, lips pressed tight.

The smallest practice room was free. The best one: the rosewood piano and the soundproofing made it feel warm. There was no one in either of the other two except the student who taught cello. She didn't know his name, just what he did. He never spoke. Just sat in there all the time waiting for pupils, playing or looking out of the window. Anything to avoid catching sight of people. Mr Gregg said he was afraid of the girls and who could blame him haha. She'd never understood the joke too well but it seemed to be right enough. He sometimes didn't even answer the door if you knocked or made out he couldn't see you when he went by you on the stairs. It was possible to count yourself alone, then, if he was the only one here. It was possible to relax. She sat on the piano stool, hunched over her stomach, rocking. C major triad. This piano had a nice tone, brittle and light. The other two made a fatter, fuzzier noise altogether. This one was leaner, right for the Mozart anyway. Descending chromatic scale with the right hand. The left moved in the blazer pocket, ready to surface, tipping something soft. Crushed tissue, something hard in the middle. The tooth. She had almost forgotten about the tooth. Her back straightened to bring it out, unfold the bits of tissue to hold it up to the light. It had a ridge about a third of the way down, where the glaze on enamel stopped. Below it, the roots were huge, matte like suede. The twist was huge, still bloody where they crossed. Whatever it was they had pulled out with them, the piece of skin, had disappeared. Hard to accept her body had grown this thing. Ivory. She smiled and laid it aside on the wood slat at the top of the keyboard, like a misplaced piece of inlay. It didn't match. The keys were whiter.

Just past the hour already. In four minutes the bell would go and the noise would start: people coming in to stake claims on the rooms, staring in through the glass panels on the door. Arpeggios bounced from next door. The student would be warming up for somebody's lesson, waiting. She turned back to the keys, sighing. Her mouth was filling up again, her head thumping. Fingers looking yellow when she stretched them out, reaching for chords. Her stomach contracted. But if she could just concentrate, forget her body and let the notes come, it wouldn't matter. You could get past things that way, pretend they weren't there. She leaned towards the keyboard, trying to be something else: a piece of music, Mozart, the recent practice. Feeling for the clear, clean lines. Listening. She ignored the pain in her stomach, the pressure of paper towels at her thighs, and watched the keys, the pressure of her fingers that buried or released them. And watching, listening to Mozart, she let the music get louder, and the door opened, the abrupt tearing sound of the doorseals seizing her stomach like a fist. The student was suddenly there and smiling to cover the knot on his forehead where the fear showed, smiling fit to bust, saying, Don't stop it's lovely Haydn isn't it? and she opened her mouth not able to stop, opened her mouth to say Mozart. It's Mozart—before she remembered.

Welling up behind the lower teeth, across her lips as she tilted forwards to keep it off her clothes. Spilling over the white keys and dripping onto the clean tile floor. She saw his face change, the glance flick to the claw roots in the tissue before he shut the door hard, not knowing what else to do. And the bell rang, the steady howl of it as the outer doors gave, footfalls in the corridor gathering like an avalanche. They would be here before she could do anything, sitting dumb on the piano stool, not able to move, not able to breathe, at this blood streaking the keys, silting the action. The howl of the bell. This unstoppable redness seeping through the fingers at her open mouth.

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Storm in the Palace

James Kelman reports from Glasgow on a how the City of Culture is being milked dry

Visitors to the European City of Culture during recent weeks will have found more going on than either themselves or the city fathers could have anticipated. They have landed in the midst of a pitched battle, otherwise known as "the Elspeth King affair", a complex web where allegations of humbug and cover-up fly back and forth. And a steady trickle of reports have appeared in the national media. But some observers cannot understand why this apparently trivial issue should cause such repercussions.

The explosion was ignited by the creation of the new post of Keeper of Social History in the city's Museums and Art Galleries department. This was regarded by some as a possible ruse to finally wrest control from Elspeth King, Curator of the People's Palace for the past 16 years. Assisted by her deputy, Michael Donnelly, King transformed a semi-derelict building into one of the finer social history museums in Europe. In the words of Alasdair Gray: "When she took over it had all the interest of a giant lumber-room full of objects too fascinating to throw away, but which no other public place could use." King and Donnelly have spent much time and effort saving irreplaceable relics of the city's past from the District Council Rubbish Collection Unit. In 1981 the People's Palace won the European Museum of the Year Award; two years later it received the British Museum of the Year Award. King is rated by many within her profession as one of the top curators of social history in the English-speaking world.

But what's in a name? Within the bureaucracy of the museums and art galleries services the post of Keeper is graded superior to that of Curator. In effect the powers-that-be created a boss to put her in her place. She is being victimised in a shameful fashion.

The campaign in support of Elspeth King has cast doubt not only on the "Culture City" enterprise itself but on aspects of contemporary town planning, which in turn serve to highlight the shift in philosophy of government over the past decade, both locally and nationally. Of particular concern is the continued erosion of democracy and the manner in which a Labour-controlled council like Glasgow District seems to relish the opportunity of implementing even the more extreme aspects of Tory party policy.

King overcame the humiliation of queuing for

Beverly Levy

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an interview for her own job. When she did apply she failed to get it. Labour MEP Janey Buchan is on record as having heard months before the actual interview that this was to be the case. It is said that other insiders were aware of it around a year before. But the charade was played to the bitter end. Control of the People's Palace and its artefacts now passes from King to the newly created Keeper. One of the most recent instructions to King is that she must not receive or dispatch a letter without having it read and initialled by a superior.

There are those who may yet wonder what all the fuss is about. Within the public sector these days tales of injustice are commonplace. One of the first tactical exercises in the new approach is to railroad out those employees who continue to harbour "old-fashioned principles"—examples are rife in the health, education and social services. But the obvious parallel is with the shabby circumstances surrounding the move from London to Manchester of the National Museum of Labour History. Julian Spalding, current Director of Glasgow Museums and Art Galleries and former Director of Manchester Art Galleries, was engaged in negotiating the NMLH move north. It was Spalding who chaired the committee that rejected King's application for the post of Keeper and instead appointed Mark O'Neil. Along the way he made the by now notorious comment that there were "no jobs for the girls".

Labour MP Gwyneth Dunwoody has referred to what is happening in Glasgow as "almost a mirror" of what occurred in Manchester when Terry McCarthy was sacked after being in control of the NMLH for some 13 years. McCarthy refers to "this new breed of gallery director/business manager [which] sees people like Elspeth and myself as anathema. They can't deny our academic qualifications and therefore go on about us not having the right business acumen." McCarthy will address a public meeting in Glasgow on 23 August.

Ironies and complexities abound. Julian Spalding's successful application for the Directorate at Glasgow was at the expense of Elspeth King, who had also applied for that job. Such is her reputation that she was the only employee of the museum services to be shortlisted and interviewed for it. It now seems certain Mr Spalding was "destined" for the post.

Needless to say, many people both in and outside Glasgow are appalled by what has happened, and a support campaign has been formed. It has occasioned the biggest post-bag to the *Glasgow Herald* since Billy Graham's barnstorming evangelical tour back in the 1950s. The District Labour Party itself has "deplored the decision not to appoint Ms King". The issue has been raised in the House of Commons by Norman Buchan. A petition was signed by 10,000 people, including many Labour councillors. But those in authority fail to be moved. And slowly, but surely, by implication or association, other matters have dredged their way to the surface.

In this year of 1990 the strategy adopted by Mr Patrick Lally's Labour-controlled Glasgow District Council closely resembles that of the national government. Lally is rather less circumspect than Mrs Thatcher but conducts and justifies himself in a similar manner.

One significant factor in the present controversy is the inability of officialdom to countenance criticism. While freedom of speech is under attack elsewhere in Britain, people should not be surprised to find it a "problem" here also. Elspeth King is denied the right to defend herself publicly. She is not allowed to speak to the media. She is not at liberty to express her fears of the damage the new regime will cause to the People's Palace under a policy opposed not only to her own but to the basic principles of the Labour Party itself.

Lally has also barred his own Labour councillors from commenting on the affair. Yet officials who fall into line behind him can talk to anyone they like. This extraordinary double standard continues to allow statements to be issued by Spalding and O'Neil, the new Keeper of Social History. It has also empowered senior administrators of the "Culture City" enterprise to enter into the attack; they see the present controversy as a threat to their own "1990" endeavours.

A support campaign has brought the biggest post-bag to the "Glasgow Herald" since Billy Graham's barnstorming evangelical tour

One letter in support of Elspeth King, published by the *Glasgow Herald*, bore the names of some 63 people, including such well-known critics and artists as Alasdair Gray, Edwin Morgan, Philip Hobsbawn, Liz Lochhead, Peter McDougall, Alan Spence, Agnes Owens, Tom Leonard, Archie Hind, Pat Kane, Freddie Anderson, Billy Connolly and Bernard MacLaverty. Lally's response arrived in a 2,000-word statement to the press. He dismissed the group (and the support campaign in general) as "these dilettanti", "well-heeled authors and critics", "professional whingers". Within the same document he very ably summed up his own approach to art and culture: "It is the intention of the City Council and our colleagues on Strathclyde Region...to use the title (Cultural Capital of Europe) to the maximum advantage—we are going to milk it for all it is worth..."

Elsewhere, writers and critics have been referred to as "an embarrassment to this city and all of its cultural workforce", in which context "cultural workforce" refers to arts administrators. Some epithets include "those who choose deliberately to exclude themselves" (from the "cultural celebrations"); "pathetic, factless, plank– walking, anti-1990-ism"; the "pro-poverty lobby". Other terms are more familiar: "crypto-communists", "self-proclaimed anarchists", "trotskyists", "racists" (Mark O'Neil is Irish while Julian Spalding, the man in charge of both, is English).

The part of the controversy touching on questions of art has shown those at the helm of the 1990 programme to be rather inept, with "culture" more often than not being a synonym for "etiquette". Some old-fashioned red herrings have landed on the beach, of the "high art" versus "working-class art" and "tradition" as opposed to "the modern" variety. On the one hand critics are dismissed as élitist while on the other they are called philistine. Officials are also playing the patriot game; Glaswegians who criticise the Year of Culture or its leading exhibition, the critical and financial disaster, *Glasgow's Glasgow*, are criticising the city itself.

There has been a battery of reports in recent weeks. These include the revelations concerning the actual costs of European Culture Capital year. As much as 10 per cent of the general services' budget has been "milked" from *every* council department in Glasgow except housing to pay for the "Cultural Celebration". Admission charges have been introduced for the MacLellan Galleries and the *Glasgow's Glasgow* exhibition, in direct opposition to the principle of free access for the people to their own artistic and cultural heritage. *Glasgow's Glasgow* itself, now being described as "the flop of the year", is set to make a loss of some £3.5 million. The charitable company formed to operate the exhibition has had a £3 million loan from the District Council transformed into a "grant". Four directors of this company are officials of the District Council itself, including Spalding.

There is now news of further demolition in the Gorbals; structural change at the City Halls; more private development along the banks of the Clyde. There is the £600,000 sale of a prime site in the centre of the city, now being rushed through in spite of other professional estimates that set its value around the £5 million mark. The Labour administration is said to be "anxious", in the current financial year, to sell off assets and realise capital receipts".

Perhaps the most illuminating report of all concerns news of private development on Glasgow Green itself, where the People's Palace is situated. This ancient common land lies at the very heart of the city and has been sacred to generations of Glaswegians for some 1,000 years. Like the People's Palace prior to the advent of Elspeth King and assistant Michael Donnelly, the Green has suffered quite outrageous neglict for many years. In contemporary parlance this too is a "prime site". Glasgow District Council have it on the planning agenda.

The city is being run as though it were a public company having to operate in an expanding free market economy. Using vehicles such as "European Capital of Culture Year" it is being made attractive to potential shareholders in line with its inevitable privatisation.

The good assets are exhibited while the bad assets are kept out of sight. Some assets have already been sold and others are being polished in anticipation, or else tarnished, also in anticipation.

"Experts" are to be empowered "to get on with their job". Within the logic of this philosophy of government, local or national, there is no room for dialogue, the very essence of democracy. This is why the campaign in support of Elspeth King has taken such root. It is also why another campaign has now been launched, this time in support of Glasgow Green.

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Royalty

Mommie dearest

Rosalind Brunt on the 90th birthday of the nation's favourite matriarch

There are mothers and there are matriarchs. In the US, Congress declared 22 July "Rose Fitzgerald Family Appreciation Day" to honour the 100th birthday of the real power behind the Kennedy clan. Respectful tributes followed but nobody spoke with affection. Matriarchs, while appreciated, are seldom lovable.

In Britain, meanwhile, mother-love has been unconfined. The national birthday party for the Queen Mother, not until 4 August, has been swinging since June. On 14 July, the House of Commons joined in: the Prime Minister declaring how the Queen Mother's affection for the nation is "mirrored in the affections of the nation for her"; the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition noting her ability "to make everyone feel special"; and the Liberal Democrat spokesman describing "a certain magic in her ability to unite hearts and affections".

A happy all-party occasion because the British monarchy remains above controversy, mothers are non-political and very old royal mothers are simply divine. Yet, notwithstanding her beloved and magical status, the Queen Mother's role has been as political in its dynastic implications for the Windsor family as the aged Rose's has been for the Kennedy saga.

The tale told by the birthday tributes acknowledges the contribution of "commoner" Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, "The Smiling Duchess" of York, Queen Consort and "Queen Mum", in revitalising ancient royal stock. But these versions of The Royal Story now present the Abdication Crisis of 1936 as merely an unfortunate hiccup in the evolution of the constitutional process—and anyway, how well things turned out in the end with the present model Queen and everlasting Queen Mother.

What this story forgets is that such a successful survival was hardly a foregone conclusion. At a time when most of the Windsors' European cousins were being reduced to exile, collaboration and silence, the Abdication caused a major dynastic wobble that rendered the whole future of the monarchy problematic. Considerable ideological labour had to go into making the Windsor throne secure. Presenting the Birthday Queen simply as the loveliest and most lovable lady obscures the amount of hard work that went into becoming not only an adored mother figure but, crucially, the key matriarchal force in what actually amounted to another "Restoration" of the monarchy.

Adolf Hitler fully recognised the symbolic power of Elizabeth's appeal when he called her "the most dangerous woman in Europe"

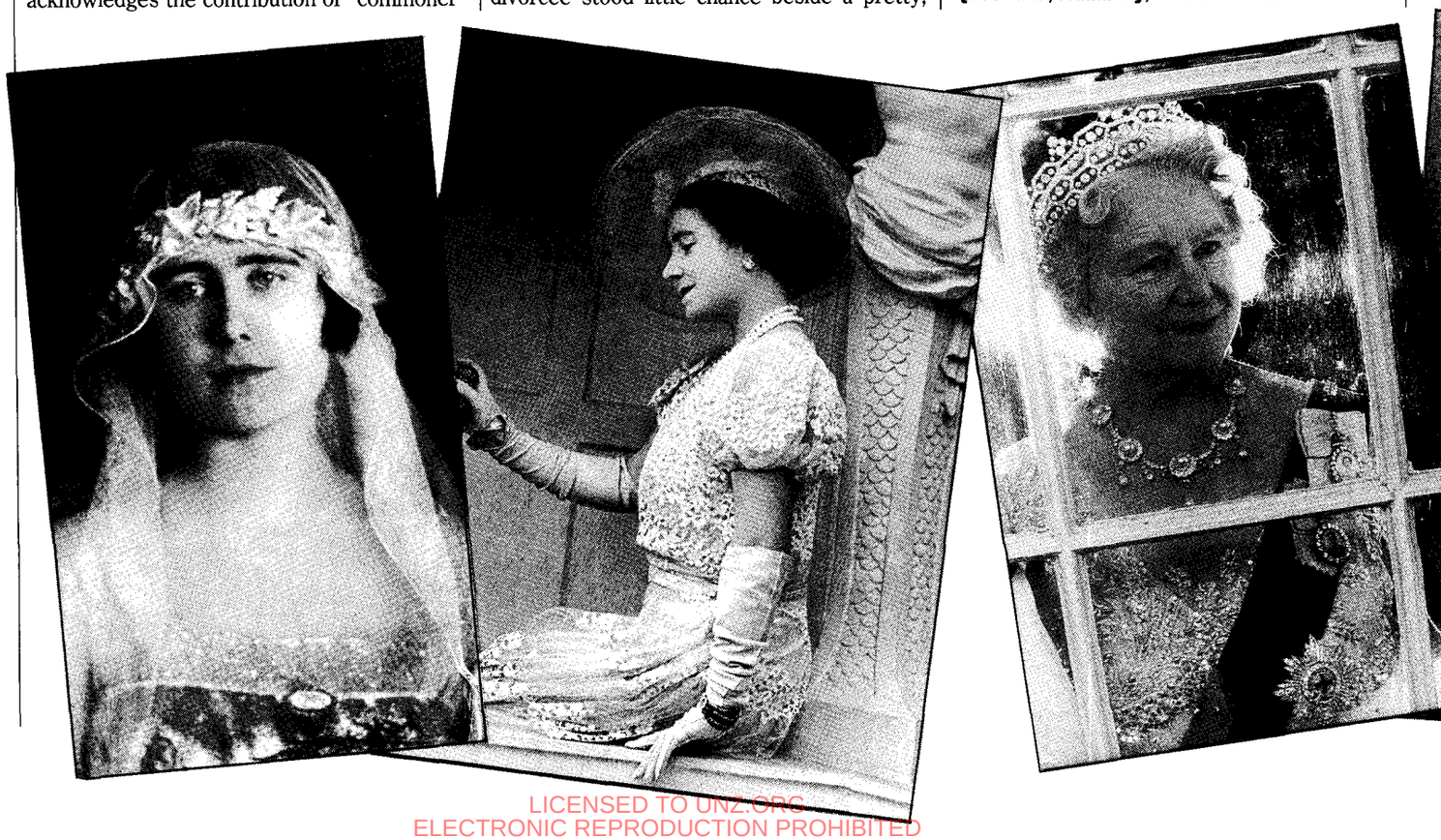
Birthday tributes have drawn on tales of enmity between Elizabeth and the woman "behind" the Abdication, Wallace Simpson. But true or not, what was ideologically at stake was their emblematic difference as women and suitable wives for kings. In retrospect, clearly Wallace would not have played the queen part right. A model-thin, chic but childless American divorcée stood little chance beside a pretty, plumpish chiffony person with Scottish ancestry who was an unstintingly supportive wife and most importantly, as the mother of two little princesses, a guarantor of heredity. Accompanied by identically dressed Lilibet and Margaret Rose in the newsreels of the late thirties and forties, it was pre-eminently Elizabeth who restored the monarchy by returning it to a charmed and charming family circle.

Writing in 1939, Virginia Woolf suggested that, "perhaps the most profound satisfaction that Royalty provides is that it gives us a Paradise to inhabit, and one much more domestic than that provided by the Church of England... Real people live in Buckingham Palace, but always smiling and perfectly dressed... It is a consolation to know that such beings exist."

Elizabeth's creation of this "domestic Paradise" re-established the monarchy as a family and subsequently boosted the war's home front with pictures of Palace make-do-and-mend and Elizabeth's newsreel speeches and broadcasts exhorting British mothers to duty and sacrifice. No family man himself, Adolf Hitler fully recognised the symbolic power of Elizabeth's appeal when he called her "the most dangerous woman in Europe".

As the birthday videos recycle the newsreels, the crucial element of the wartime story is always the visits to blitzed cities. Contemporary accounts like Mass Observation note that bombed-out families were often less than thrilled to encounter a royal couple who had plenty of other homes to go to. But it's the surviving myths that count; so in the current videos the dissenting voices are silent, subsumed by images of a newly strengthened monarchy working in alliance with its subjects to forge One National Family. And in the post-

The Queen Mother has made effortless transitions from being a Queen who is a mother, to Mother of a Queen and, ultimately, Mother of a Nation



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war settlement, Elizabeth makes the apparently effortless transitions from being a Queen who is a mother, to Mother of a Queen and, ultimately, Mother of a Nation.

The titles of two recent commemorative videos sum up this apotheosis: *Queen Elizabeth: Heart of the Nation* (Parkfield) and ITN's *The Queen Mother: A Life of Our Times*. Without being particularly sycophantic or deferential, both make the same elision, identifying the Queen's life with the very essence of Britishness. Once again, a royal biography is plugged into key moments of national history and the destinies of Britain and Royalty slide together—with the added magical resonance that the Queen Mother is as old as the century and her 14th birthday also saw the outbreak of the first world war: "This was the end of the Age of Innocence; and with it went her childhood."

So what do these stories tell us about a nation that apparently still needs its mother? That it's still politically pretty infantile? The Queen Mother's charming smile undoubtedly reflects back what Tom Nairn has called "The Glamour of Backwardness", that mesmerised fascination of the British with a heritage that creates loyal subjects instead of active citizens. But it's a complicated fantasy and certainly one not easily dismissed as simply a media-inspired con.

For the Queen Mother's appeal is also about a sprightly zest for life, a famous aura of gin-and-tonics, horse-racing and camp humour. "Such fun!" is her favourite comment and "Every day's an adventure" her motto. No British subject could be ignorant of the class privileges that lie behind such banalities: "It's all right for her, waited on hand and foot", is a familiar voice of dissent. But hers is also an image of "everyone's favourite Mum", the projected ideal of someone who is unfailingly kind, never lets you down and lives for ever. So obviously nice and deep-down heartening that it's hard to see one good reason for growing up republican.

Camera Press

Harry Corbett and Sooty

Art

The mask of comedy

David Buckley on portraits of classic British comedians

When Arthur Askey walked to the end of the set in "Before Your Very Eyes" and dared the cameraman to show the empty hangar of the studio, he was taking the music hall joke of the slipping false moustache into television. But it wasn't only the joke of exposed artifice; it was an early attack on the blossoming proprieties of television production values.

Tommy Cooper continued the tradition, blundering incisively through our expectations of how television should be structured. "Never heard of him" was always the best way of disrupting "This Is Your Life" when he was called upon to support Eamonn Andrews's smug notions of celebrity and worth.

But of course, Cooper and Askey were part of the television world they seemed to subvert, even if popular memory has it that these live performers were much bigger than the nine-inch tubes through which we first peered at them. Tricks were being played before our very eyes, and the intimacy of television meant that our relationship with performers was given the illusion of knowledge about a friend. Television celebrities began to perform their personalities.

It's only the comedians' performed personalities which are on view in **Hello Playmates** (Manchester City Art Galleries until 9 September), an exhibition of 20 large-scale prints blown up and distorted from original paintings of faces hailing from the early days of television comedy. Kenneth Williams looks suave and disdainful; Ken Dodd zany; Eric Sykes wary and reserved, trying to resist Hattie Jacques's impish enthusiasm.

No penetration behind the mask here. These are pictures, not portraits. The fondly remembered faces are used as jumping-off points to play with surfaces. The colours are wild, as if the colour knob has been turned up too far. And because each painting has been photographed and sectioned into nine equally spaced prints which repeat parts of the image, ears and chins multiply as if the vertical and horizontal hold need adjusting. Energetically tactile paint has been smoothed into the glazed finish of the television screen.

The process allows some entertaining tricks. Jimmy Durante's face becomes a suppurating spectrum of livid pinks as the eruptions of his nose define his comic existence. The face of Bob Monkhouse is dislocated by the line between prints obscuring his eyes, an apt image of a comedian who is distrusted as much as loved. Perhaps appropriately, the man who looks most at ease among these distortions is Bruce Forsyth, the eternal compere who made his career by accepting the conventions of a uniquely television creation—the game show—rather than subverting them.

These figures may have had "such strong personalities" as someone observed, but here they become possessed by the media mill to which they only seemed to lend a part of themselves at the time. Significantly, the images come not from named individual artists, but from a company, "Central Station Design", whose members have spent much of their time producing record sleeves. In "Hello Playmates" the comic faces from television's past are enjoyably repackaged by the age of design, but not re-examined.

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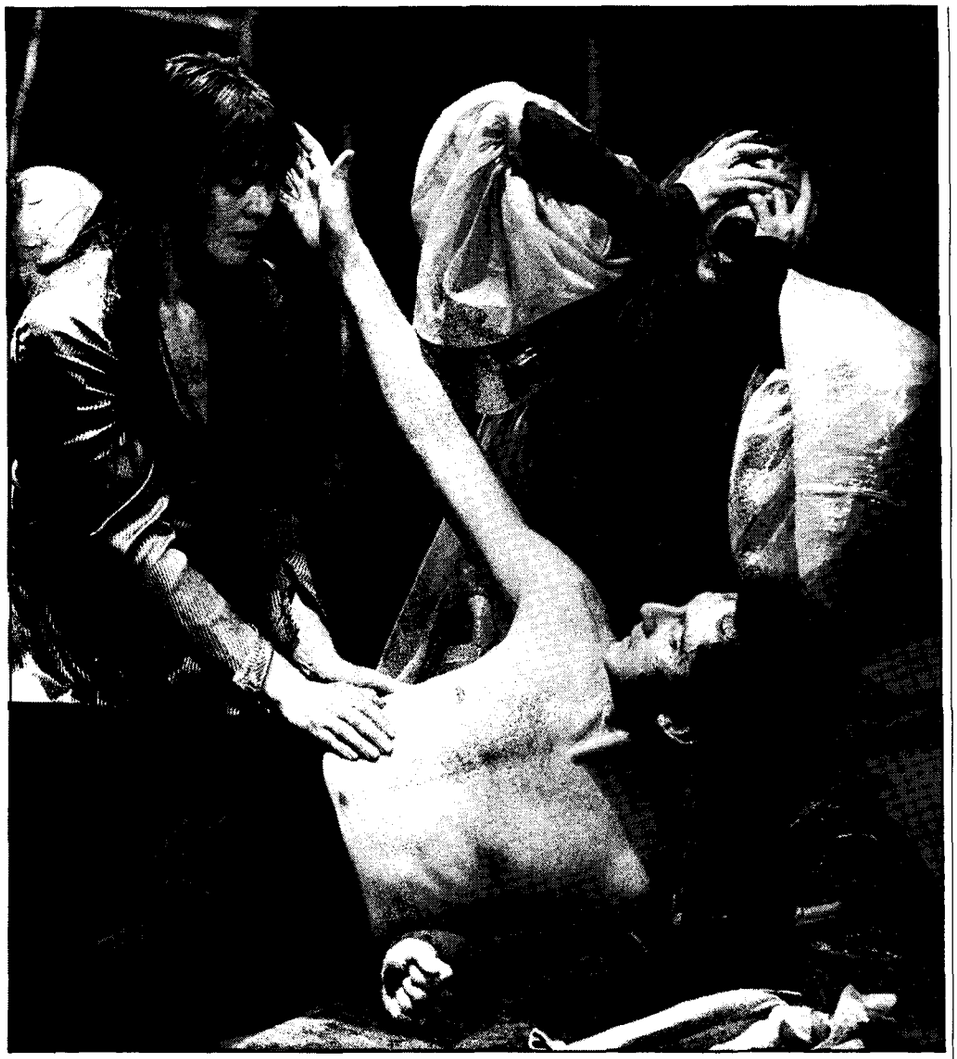

***Morte D'Arthur*: a character is mortally wounded one minute and rescuing a damsel the next**

Theatre

Knights at the Lyric

Andy Lavender applauds the ambition of Morte D'Arthur

It promised to be the theatrical event of the summer. In 1988 David Freeman directed a production of Goethe's *Faust* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which was rapturously received. *Faust* was so long it needed two performances—why bring people to the theatre for an evening, when you can insist that they come twice? Now Freeman was at it again, adapting Thomas Malory's 15th-century century prose epic, **Morte D'Arthur** (until 20 October), and staging it across two nights and two venues—the Lyric Hammersmith and a church in Hammersmith Broadway.

The show is difficult to watch, for it moves the audience beyond any theatre they could expect to be familiar with. The action in the church often occurs in different places simultaneously, so that if you watch one bit you'll miss another. The first part opens in the Lyric Theatre with the clashing of cymbals and the dull ringing of chimes, and ends with groaning. This could easily be the wails of those who came expecting good tunes, a bit of swashbuckling action and *double entendres* like those on the theatre's T-shirts ("good knights at the Lyric").

It is Freeman's refusal to compromise that marks him out from those practitioners of the sleek new theatre, which is so cunningly moulded you feel you could run your hands all over it. Rubbing your hands over a Freeman production would be like stroking a thistle. He claims to be interested in *Morte D'Arthur*, Malory's retelling of the Arthurian myths, because it is itself open and prickly—a character might be mortally wounded one minute and rescuing a damsel the next. You can see the attraction—a text which is pre-Renaissance *and* post-modern, providing ample opportunity for a little experimentation with form.

What's remarkable about Freeman's *Morte D'Arthur*, however, is not simply that it's a playground for the director, but that it demands of the audience that they use their imaginations. The imagination is sometimes taxed. King Arthur, for instance, proudly holds up a battered piece of piping and a tatty blue dangle of cloth. These are the mighty sword Excalibur and its magic scabbard. This anti-sentimentalism is one of the show's strengths. More perplexing is the range of acting styles on offer, from the simmering stillness of Trevor Sellers's Gawain to the outright melodramatics of Jacques Bourgaux's Launcelot, whose lip you could probably see quivering from France. As chance would have it, Philippe Gaulier, one of the gurus of French physical theatre, was giving a series of workshops around the time *Morte D'Arthur* opened. At moments you wish a couple of the actors had paid him a visit. "Even if you play heavy," Gaulier observed during one workshop, "you must stay light." Much of *Morte D'Arthur* clanks rather than hums, with actors clubbing their way through text and movements rather than bringing them to life.

But it would be a crime to demand something balletic, and at other times Freeman's conception is dazzling. Scenes in the church provide constantly surprising images. You feel both an unusual physical closeness to the performers and a sense of spectacle. The closing moment of the third part, during which Galahad and Percival achieve the quest of the Grail, is a *pièce de théâtre* as a couple of sweating, semi-naked actors stagger up the altar steps into a set drenched with symbolic colour.

There is symbolism of a different sort at the close of the show. Freeman ends *Morte D'Arthur* with rain. Not the decorous drizzle that occurred at the back of the stage during Deborah Warner's production of *The Good Person of Sichuan*, or even the delicate waft of snowflakes which drifts down at the end of Philip Prowse's production of *Mother Courage*. In *Morte D'Arthur* the rain falls across the whole stage for what seems like an age. What better way to mark the disintegration of a kingdom than amidst the sodden wreckage of a set and a pile of steaming, soaking bodies?

Even the more arcane and interesting corners of British theatre are currently in the grip of the classics, with results which might be laughable were they not so stultifying. It's been a good year for Chekhov and Ibsen, and it's always a good year for Shakespeare. Last year there were at least four productions of *Hamlet* on offer in London, including one by each of the major national companies, the National Theatre and the RSC. This time round, both have productions of *King Lear*, while Kenneth Branagh's Renaissance Theatre Company continue their soaping of the Bard with a production of—you guessed it—*King Lear*.

But *Morte D'Arthur* is not just another version of a hoary classic. It is not a vehicle for a star, or a cluster of stars. It isn't a story about an individual or a family; it isn't even a single story. It is a huge, brave, belligerent show, marked with risk. It is uncompromising, arrogant even, hard and challenging work for the audience. But for what it attempts, and for what in places it achieves, I'd trade it for all this year's *Lear*s, and a couple of Chekhovs besides.

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Film

Brand loyalty

Suzanne Moore on the allure of Arnie

Would you vote for Arnold Schwarzenegger? The man whose most famous line is probably "Fuck you, asshole" (from 1984's *The Terminator*) has recently been vigorously denied any political ambition. But after campaigning for George Bush in 1988, he made a speech introducing him at the Inaugural Ball and has been made chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. Well, I guess if the bumbling Reagan could invoke the spirit of Rambo, then the wimpish, waspish Bush could do worse than have this real-life superhero on his side.

And Arnold is a big man in more ways than one. Big muscles, even bigger box office. Few stars wield such power in Hollywood. It took one phone call to get the $50 million that his latest film, *Total Recall*, needed to get off the ground. His films have enormous international clout. And apart from the contacts with Bush and his cronies, his marriage to journalist and Kennedy clan member Maria Schriver means that he knows all the right people.

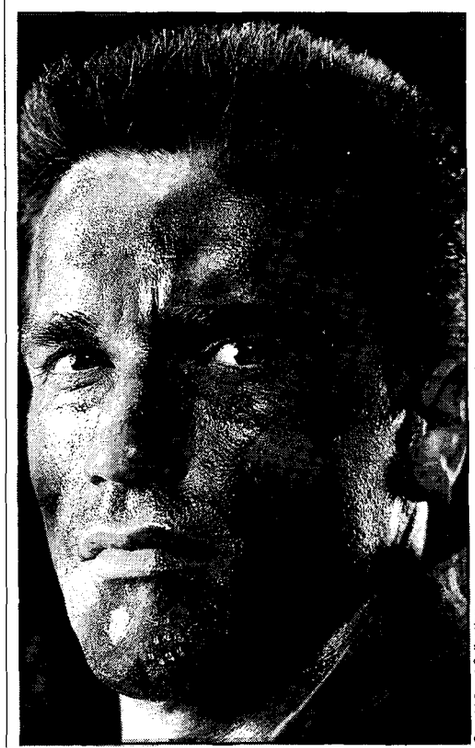
For the body-building Austrian who only arrived in the US in the late sixties, this is cultural assimilation *par excellence*. The man who is now a naturalised American citizen may not have lost his accent but he epitomises the (white) American Dream at a time when it is falling apart. Arnie has recreated his identity as carefully as he has built up his body, slowly and methodically until the past has been erased and there exists only America. But the land of the free comes at a price. And the price is that you forgo your original culture, your original community, in the race for vicious overachievement. Would that all immigrants behaved as Arnie has. Things would be a lot easier.

They could take a lesson from Arnold. First, change whatever you can—your body, your nationality, your personality. What you can't change, turn into a registered trademark. So Arnold has the accent and the face. That great slavic slab, sculpted out of granite resting on that huge neck. That impassive expression that breaks out into an almost crazed smile revealing teeth that are just too straight and too white to be true.

The next step, as they say in business (and Arnold is a supreme businessman), is to turn your defects into assets. So people say you can't act. Don't even try anything fancy. You're not Robert de Niro. Just play yourself in every single film. Build up a brand loyalty to Arnold Schwarzenegger, never mind the movie. Whether it's *Conan the Barbarian* or *The Running Man*, the public likes to know what it's getting. It can rely on a Schwarzenegger film to deliver unadulterated Arnie. And cleverest of all, if people say you act like a machine, then act a machine in *The Terminator*.

Finally, when you can make action films until they come out of your ears, surprise everyone with a comedy—*Twins*. But remember to exploit those Arnoldisms that the public knows and loves. So play a flawed superman this time—a product of a genetic experiment. A charming innocent who is forced to resort to violence to protect lovable Danny DeVito. Take it from me, the formula works—*Twins* was Arnie's biggest film to date, grossing more than $110 million dollars.

Total Recall looks as if it will be even bigger. As befits its star's status, this is a giant film. Massive sets. Extraordinary special effects. Non-stop violence and a soundtrack loud enough to blast you out of your cinema seat.



Ronald Grant Collection

Schwarzenegger has become the modern hero. He represents pure will, pure power unfettered by a memory of the past

Based on a Philip K Dick short story, *We Can Remember it for You Wholesale* (Dick's work was also the inspiration for *Blade Runner*), *Total Recall* is directed by Paul Verhoeven, the Dutchman whose *Robocop* was such a success.

2084 AD. Schwarzenegger is Doug Quaid, a construction worker with a beautiful wife and a beautiful home. Or is he? Haunted by dreams of Mars, he visits Rekall Inc. It specialises in fantasy holidays, "ego-trips", by implanting devices into the brains of its customers. Quaid opts for life on Mars but it all comes unstuck when another personality that has been blocked from his mind comes back to life. Pursued by unknown men, he finds a video image of his former self, complete with instructions of what he must do once he gets to Mars. Up till then, his whole life has been a sham, simply a memory implanted into his mind. "If I'm not me," he asks, "then who am I?" "You're not you, you're me," comes the reply.

The film builds and twists this multi-layered reality all the way through, maintaining a sophistication unusual these days in either action or sci-fi movies. Yet how does Arnie cope with the self-doubt and paranoia induced by having had your mind stolen and your reality adjusted? You've guessed it. He blasts his way out of it. This is the most violent film I've seen for a long time, bodies torn apart and corpses riddled with bullet holes every ten seconds. Verhoeven likes splatter. He puts this down to having been in Holland during the German occupation.

The combination of Verhoeven and Schwarzenegger is a strange one. Super-normal Arnie and this bearded, lefty Dutchman who likes to talk about conspiracy theories and psychosis: "The element of psychosis is basically what interested me in the movie, because philosophically I have a strong feeling that something like that might be possible." *Robocop*'s theme of the evil of corporate power is replayed here too. In many ways, Verhoeven's preoccupations, identity, reality, authenticity, control, find an echo not just in the roles Schwarzenegger has chosen to play but in his own life.

While these themes are also debated in the intellectual arena, is it not appropriate that popular cinema—that cherished medium of identification—should be addressing them with greater panache? Somewhere in this confusion between reality and image, Schwarzenegger has become the modern hero. He represents pure will, pure power unfettered by memory of a past. These Nietzschean overtones were spelt out to comic effect in *Twins*: the scientist who has genetically engineered him tells him that while he contained all that was "purity and strength", his twin brother Danny DeVito was made up of all the crap.

Arnold may not be able to shoulder the burden of authenticity, because he is not authentic. Who is these days? He may be the ultimate insider but he will always remain the outsider. Besides, he simply does not look real. He instinctively understands the power and the paradox of this particular fantasy. While critics complain that his films contain only the infantile fantasy of complete destruction and uncontrolled violence, Arnold manages to inject humour in a way that always says, "Hang on a minute, this is only a film." There is a brilliant line in *Twins* where he turns to Danny DeVito and says, "I hate violence". DeVito just looks up and says, "Yes, but you're so good at it".

With his new baby and the interest in Culture with a capital C, Arnold has been described as "socially gifted". Whatever that means. His next film, *Kindergarten Cop*, promises to be yet another cutesy comedy full of toddlers that will further endear him to audiences. But don't forget, this is the man who in *Pumping Iron* said that working out in the gym was "as satisfying to me as coming is... So I am coming day and night.". He clearly doesn't need anyone else. Why should he? He is, after all, the ultimate in self-made men.

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Theatre

Fool's paradise

Boyd Tonkin on two new productions of King Lear

Who's afraid of *King Lear*? Obviously not the English stage of 1990, which has just launched a trio of fresh productions. Three of theatre's wunderkinder have tried to trap the old monster: Deborah Warner at the National Theatre, Nicholas Hytner for the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford, while Kenneth Branagh directs the Renaissance Theatre Company on a national tour.

Yet today's ubiquitous night out once struck a long list of eminent shirkers as an unactable freak, or an unbearable trauma. There's Samuel Johnson, so pained by Cordelia's death that he refused for years to re-read the play; and Giuseppe Verdi, who planned an opera but, even after *Otello* and *Macbeth*, still funked out. Most notoriously, the Restoration hack Nahum Tate re-wrote *Lear* with a happy ending (the king and Cordelia safe; Cordelia paired off with Edgar) in a version acted until 1823. We're made of sterner stuff now, of course, and can watch Gloucester's eyes gouged out with scarcely a titter. "Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?"

Well, one popular notion sees *Lear* as a tract for the times, custom-built for a late 20th-century public sodden with news of holocausts and tyrannies. That sounds tough-minded, but flatters our self-pity. More to the point, the play shed some of its terrors when heroic acting expired. In the barnstorming era, a work that takes a blow-torch to every mask of power and pride paradoxically became a sort of lofty Alp, only to be conquered by macho feats of performance and stagecraft. Both John Wood's gruff, tetchy squire at Stratford and Brian Cox's dressing-gowned Scots curmudgeon at the National reflect a less star-struck, more collegiate view of the play.

John Wood, the RSC's Lear (left) and Brian Cox as the wheelchair-bound Lear at the National (below)

Cox, though sturdy enough when roused, scoots around the bare stage in a wheelchair—his only throne—which carries Cordelia's sprawled corpse at the close. Stress Lear's dotage from the off (Warner does the division of the kingdom as a senile charade, with party hats for all) and other parts can grow in scope. So, for instance, that double-headed superbitch Goneril'n'Regan splits into distinct women with their own reasons and causes. Both the National and RSC Regans (Clare Higgins and Sally Dexter) become tearful ditherers, torn between duty and desire.

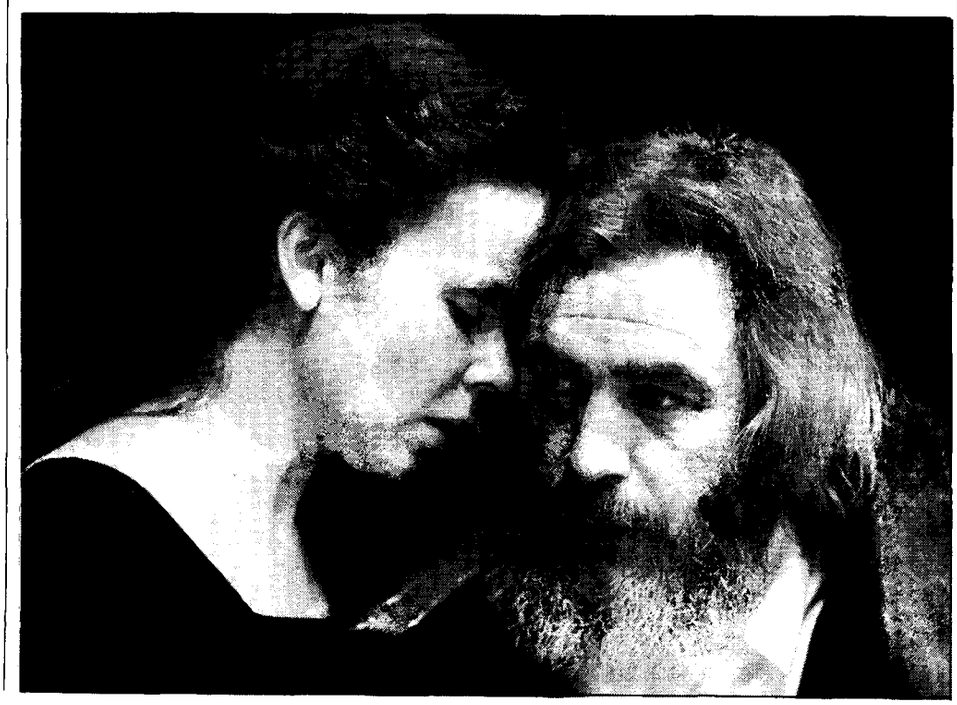
Then comes the storm (best at the National, with sinister percussion and racing spotlights); Lear's madness; Gloucester's blinding and mock-suicide. This descent into hell has often been hijacked by directors steeped in the Absurd, who read the text through spectacles offered by Beckett or Artaud. In this harsh light Lear's Fool grows into much more than a cute appendage. Hytner has the part played by the mime-trained Linda Kerr Scott, a punkish waif who scuttles over the stage like an overwound toy. At the National, David Bradley delivers a morose northern comic, one of whose dangling red noses finds its way on to Lear and Cordelia's faces during their death-scene.

In 1962, Peter Brook set the benchmark for austere and bleakly comic *Lear*s in a Stratford production that still dogs directors' footsteps. In this vein, Warner throws out her hints of circus and pantomime—and has Brook's collaborator Jean Kalman as lighting designer. Hytner uses a chaste rotating cube (designed by David Fielding) to house major scenes, and nods to *Waiting for Godot* with a single full-leaved tree that reappears as a charred skeleton in the carnage of the final battle.

Brook's sidekick in 1962 was fringe-theatre godfather Charles Marowitz. With typical sixties swagger, he wrote in his rehearsal diary of the need to destroy "our conventional empathy for the poor old geezer tossed out on a stormy night by his cruel daughters". At Stratford, John Wood keeps a kind of faith with this hard-bitten vision. He portrays patriarchy in decline as a sham that must be burnt away before the last scenes' true feeling can blossom.

Brian Cox, though, starts out at degree zero, his defences already broken down. His voice, thick with geriatric-ward desolation, sweeps between broken-bottle menace and crooning tenderness. We do empathise, more so than with Wood; but what Cox learns through purgatory is not so much sincerity as solidarity.

Alone on the open stage, Warner's cast touch, stroke and peck at one another, like dazed laboratory animals caught in the floodlight of some vile experiment. At the end, Cox seems to speak from and for his community of outcasts—hence, perhaps, the exchange of red noses with the dead Cordelia. Michael Ignatieff once suggested that Lear's "heath", that place where the social self withers and dies, can be found today in "the vast grey space of state confinement": in the mental hospital, the "home", the prison, the labour camp. With a naked stage and simple means, Cox and Warner thrust the audience into this world, where the powerless have only each other to trust, or to hurt. John Wood, meanwhile, makes his forced march towards truth in splendid isolation.



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Dolly Parton, the one country singer in the epicentre of rock

From Abba to ZZ Top

THE FABER COMPANION TO 20TH CENTURY POPULAR MUSIC
Dave Laing and Phil Hardy
Faber £20

Charles Shaar Murray

The adjective "encyclopaedic" is often used as a synonym for "all-encompassing", which only goes to show that whoever first coined this particular usage never attempted to write an encyclopaedia. Laing and Hardy are the grizzled veterans of one such previous venture—the three-volume mid-seventies *Encyclopaedia of Rock*—and now return to the fray with a much cannier venture: the title of the current volume both avoids the plebby implications of "rock" in favour of the far more catholic and respectable notion of "20th century popular music" and—through the use of the comfortable and reassuring term "companion"—absolves them from the colossal responsibility of being... well, encyclopaedic.

Nevertheless, beneath the window-dressing this is indeed *The Encylopaedia of Rock* writ extremely large. The overwhelming preponderance of entries carried over from the previous effort makes sure of that: the implication is that the fifties and sixties are the epicentre of the 20th century, that Britain and America are the epicentre of the world and that rock (in its sixties sense of an umbrella term comfortably sheltering blues, soul, country music and certain forms of folk music and jazz) is the epicentre of popular music.

Of the 20 faces depicted on the dustjacket, four are fifties rockers of sorts (Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Cliff Richard), five are sixties heroes (Bob Dylan, Frank Zappa, Janis Joplin, Eric Clapton, Stevie Wonder), three made their mark in the seventies (Marc Bolan, Bob Marley, Johnny Rotten) and one is a contemporary figure from the decade just past (Madonna). That leaves one country singer (Dolly Parton), one blues singer (Muddy Waters), one jazz musician (Duke Ellington), two from the sharp, and one from the blunt, end of pre-rock popular song (Ella Fitzgerald, Edith Piaf and Doris Day respectively), plus one fearsomely mustachioed geezer who I initially thought was Enrico Caruso until I looked him up and found that he wasn't included. Ho hum.

What has happened—and Laing and Hardy, like the good pop-kulch orthocrats they are, reflect this—is that rock's retreat from its once-prized outsider status is now complete. The music's spokespersons—or, to be more precise, its spokes*men*—traditionally emphasised their differences with the established patterns and codes of popular entertainment; stressed that rock was somehow innately *different* from the various popular musics that had preceded it. Now it has changed its tune: rock now actively courts acceptance as part of the mainstream, but with one proviso: that it is accepted as the dominant strain within that mainstream of 20th century popular music. In other words, rock has come in from the cold, but only on condition that it is permitted to hog the fire.

The resulting critical inertia, which is magnified by the authors' mealy-mouthed, bet-hedging non-judgmentalism, has resulted in some peculiar anomalies. Musicians from outside the world of post-rock pop need to have notched up some fairly serious achievements to merit inclusion—jazzers particularly—but any old sixties or seventies pop rubbish can simply slide in on the guest list. David Soul, the blond and more nurdulent one from *Starsky and Hutch*, is dignified with an entry (on the strength of a few meretricious seventies hits), while the saxophonist Pharoah Sanders, a key player in the later John Coltrane Quintet and the sixties avant-garde, is less fortunate. It's who you know, innit?

Laing and Hardy's nearest direct competitor is 1989's *The Penguin Encyclopedia of Popular Music*, edited by Donald Clarke (Viking £25, but available in paperback from October). A side-by-side comparison of the heavyweight duo tends to favour Clarke, whose opus boasts almost half as many pages again, an index (which Laing and Hardy's effort certainly could have used), a willingness to nail some critical colours to its forest of masts, and a far more eclectic set of criteria. There is indeed an entry on Pharoah Sanders in Clarke's book (not to mention one on another key Coltrane sideman, the drummer Rashied Ali) and under "Soul" you do not find a blond American ham but a pithy, insightful outline of the development of a vastly influential strain of African-American pop.

The lead time of massive ventures like these does tend to preclude topicality: anyone at-

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tempting to look up, say, NWA, Living Colour, Guns 'N Roses, The Stone Roses, Los Lobos, Bobby Brown, The Happy Mondays or The House of Love in either of these books has a rather optimistic view of the technicalities of publishing. Nevertheless, Clarke managed to grant the 1987 debutant Terence Trent D'Arby an entry of his own (albeit a short one) whereas the best that Laing and Hardy can manage is to include him in a list of artists produced by Martyn Ware of Heaven 17, who themselves only appear as an appendage of The Human League.

What seems to have happened is that Laing and Hardy ceased adding new entries sometime in 1987, though existing entries have been updated through 1989. Thus Janet Jackson appears only as an appendage to The Jacksons, Neneh Cherry crops up as an afterthought on the bio of her stepfather Don Cherry, Tracy Chapman sneaks into The Specials' entry as part of the cast of Jerry Dammers's Mandela birthday show and RUN-DMC tiptoe in, thanks to *Walk This Way*, on Aerosmith's shredded coat-tails.

Indeed, hip-hop—the most original and influential new style of the eighties—is damned as "derivative" in the style guide at the front of the book, and in the main body of entries is represented only by Afrika Bambaataa and Grandmaster Flash, whose real contributions were made early in the decade. For Eric B & Rakim, Public Enemy and LL Cool J you will search in vain (though, to be fair, Clarke hasn't included any of these worthies either). Curiously, Chic—one of the most important acts of the late seventies, both for their own massively popular and highly influential records and for their production work for others—don't rate an entry here except as part of the CV of their guitarist Nile Rodgers, who went on to produce for David Bowie and Madonna.

While Laing and Hardy are strong and reliable on traditional black styles—there are plenty of obscure soul and blues singers here—more recent black pop is almost invisible except when some charisma has rubbed off from a rock star.

While in nit-picking mode: Plastic Bertrand was not French but Belgian (as any French pop fan will be at pains to inform you); Sigue Sigue Sputnik were formed by Tony James, formerly of Generation X, rather than Brian James, formerly of The Damned (oddly, this misidentification occurs in the entry on The Damned but is not repeated in the entry on Billy Idol, also an alumnus of Generation X; shoot the copy-editor); the only "e" in Ruben Blades's first name is the one in the second syllable; Grace Jones, despite her undoubtedly impressive musculature, is at least six inches under her cited height of six feet, and while Jimi Hendrix's drummer Mitch Mitchell did indeed play with Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames, he was certainly too young to have done so in 1962.

Still, that's just scab-scratching. Laing and Hardy have made a pretty good fist of the intimidating task of journeying all the way from Abba to ZZ Top; it's just unfortunate that Donald Clarke not only did it better for Viking/Penguin, but is about to appear in paperback just as the Faber tome (anything that weighs this much is a "tome" rather than just a "book") lumbers out in hardback.

Finally, there is always the pleasure of glorying in the kind of incongruous juxtapositions that alphabetical listings generally provide. Quick! Guess what the following pairs might have to say to each other if they were to meet: Jimi Hendrix and Victor Herbert, Charles Mingus and Carmen Miranda, The Damned and Vic Damone, George Jones and Grace Jones, Abdullah Ibrahim and Billy Idol, George Gershwin and Gerry & The Pacemakers, Iggy Pop and Julio Iglesias, Mantovani and Thomas Mapfumo, James Van Heusen and Eddie Van Halen, Brian Poole and Cole Porter...

Mothers who don't

MUMMY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE
Helen Franks
Doubleday £13.99

Ann Oakley

In these days of revitalised political rhetoric about family life, there is also, I suspect, a revitalised need for scrupulous documentation of its underside. Strip away the rhetoric, and what you see is a changed institution—though changed more by the withdrawal of the social buttressing of the welfare state (in Britain, at least) than by that overquoted rumour of the liberated woman. Demographic change and changes in the material fabric of people's lives may have altered "the" family in none-too-suble ways, but what of the ideologies and moralities that compose its centre?

Different people see families in all sorts of different ways. Ethnicity, religion and geographical diversity mean different ideologies of family life as well. But in all of them motherhood holds a different place from fatherhood. Helen Franks's book illustrates this with the particular clarity that is only to be achieved by studying the "deviant" case—not mothers who mother, but mothers who don't.

The book is a record of distress. Franks's interviews with 23 "non-custodial" mothers document a wide range of different circumstances—women separated from their children through imprisonment, post-natal illness, because of an obsessional love affair or the child's handicap; women whose desire to keep their children was overruled by angry, dominant ex-husbands; young women pressured into giving up their babies for adoption; women who "simply" left their families in order to escape an intolerable situation and/or find themselves. Acts of this last kind are, of course, far from simple. For lacking any obvious external reason for leaving, women who walk out on their children strike at the very heart of the mythology of motherhood which imprisons them: that real women are good mothers and that the essence of good motherhood is self-sacrifice, "putting the children first".

As usual in books of this kind, it is the women's own accounts that provide the most gripping read. Helen Franks sees the main themes as centring on the gender inequalities of parenthood: it's almost the essence of good fatherhood that a man abandon his children to the care of someone else—their mother. A truly liberated society, she argues, would accord this moral leniency to mothers as well. It should allow women to be citizens as well as mothers.

The problem with this argument is not that it's all very well as far as it goes, but that it's going in the wrong direction. For the model of what it means to be a person is not women's creation. The *conflict* between motherhood and personhood is the creation of a patriarchal world, of a world which, as Sara Ruddick has described in her book *Maternal Thinking*, is in fundamental ways opposed to "the mothering project".

And of course the other problem is women themselves. Staring at one out of these pages time and time again is the material disadvantage women suffer; theirs is a story of unequal access to housing, money, jobs and economic security. To provide for one's children well, one must have a man. That's both the practical and the moral message. The fact that it's increasingly backed up by a political invective of *parental* responsibility for children doesn't help. "Parental" means "maternal", as it usually does. And the reiteration of the family as that haven in an undoubtedly heartless world conveniently hides the fact that public policy only cares about children sufficiently to make them someone else's business.

Corruption in the Met

SCOTLAND YARD'S COCAINE CONNECTION
Andrew Jennings, Paul Lashmar and Vyv Simson
Jonathan Cape £12.95

Jolyon Jenkins

A piece of conventional wisdom doing the rounds says that, whereas the police scandals of the 1970s were about money (Operation Countryman), those of the 1980s were about justice (Guildford and West Midlands). The dichotomy fails, not just because the 1980s scandals started in the 1970s but, more importantly, because the earlier corruption involved miscarriages of justice *too*—and for that reason, have never been satisfactorily resolved.

One of the regular star turns at the Old Bailey during the 1970s was a high-flying detective, Tony Lundy. Time and again he produced the evidence to put armed robbers in jail for many years. Frequently the evidence would come

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from "supergrasses"—criminals who had supposedly repented. Lundy would make a set speech that so-and-so's evidence had proved a "breakthrough in the fight against crime". The judge would take the hint and pass a swingeing sentence on the person testified against and a very lenient one on the supergrass. As back-up, Lundy would sometimes send the judge a secret note, spelling out the situation.

This routine may have improved the Met's detection statistics but, as the authors of this book say, "the very worst criminals in the land were being granted virtual immunity; other men accused of lesser crimes were being jailed for up to a quarter of a century on evidence that looks increasingly dubious as the years pass."

But those injustices were Tony Lundy's insurance. He knew the Met could never sack him because it would mean re-opening all the cases in which he gave evidence—and nobody wanted that. Yet there is overwhelming evidence that Lundy is corrupt. For years he was the friend of one of London's top villains, Roy Garner. Garner enjoyed extraordinary freedom of manoeuvre because he was supposedly passing intelligence to Lundy. But it seems likely that the intelligence was often travelling in the reverse direction. Garner would then pass information *back* and claim large rewards for helping to "solve" armed robberies.

It was Customs and Excise, not the Met, who were finally responsible for Garner's come-uppance. In 1986, Garner helped import 392 kilos of cocaine from Colombia: he assured the American end of the operation that if there were any problems in London, he would be tipped off by contacts in Scotland Yard. But for once, Lundy failed to protect him, and in March last year Garner was sentenced to 22 years in prison, despite Lundy's giving evidence on his behalf. Before that, the detective had tipped off Garner's wife about the progress of the investigation against her husband.

It would be nice to report that Lundy is also doing a long stretch. In fact, he lives in some comfort in Spain, having been retired by the Met on grounds of "protracted illness"—thereby thwarting a Police Complaints Authority (PCA) investigation against him. His health was not, however, bad enough to prevent him completing the London marathon. Scotland Yard seems to have been more concerned with preventing the media from reporting the scandal, harassing journalists and leaning on the PCA, than with bringing Lundy to justice. The courts, too, have obligingly gone into camera when embarrassing details of the Lundy-Garner axis threatened to emerge. The Commons home affairs select committee failed to make headway in its investigation of corruption in the Met. Once more, the threat of Lord Denning's "appalling vistas" did the trick.

Jennings, Lashmar and Simson tell this story in a racy but curiously artless way; their narrative has the air of having been hammered out on a battered Remington to meet an impending deadline. They also suffer from the investigative journalist's delusion that all their information is interesting. But for their terrier-like tenacity in digging out the story in the face of official obstruction they deserve our thanks.

Changing history

BELFAST CONFETTI
Ciaran Carson
Bloodaxe Books £6.95
ALL-CLEAR
John Latham
Peterloo Poets £5.95
SUMMER SNOW
Ruth Padel
Hutchinson £7.99

John Lucas

There's so much going on in Ciaran Carson's new volume that it's impossible to do more here than offer a few pointers to its riches. First, then, the title. The phrase crops up, menacingly and/or enigmatically, in several poems and is glossed in one of the many-layered prose pieces that regularly punctuate the second, middle section of the volume. "Brick" offers a meditation on the material out of which Belfast is built—just as others debate the origins of the city's name, its geography, its history. "The subversive half-brick, conveniently handsized, is an essential ingredient of the ammunition known as 'Belfast confetti', and has been tried and trusted by generations of rioters."

The disturbing wit of that phrase is echoed thoughout the volume, which repeatedly invokes and appeals to Belfast argot, idiom and speech rhythms in order to make palpable the place's variety, its refusal to become homogenised. Hence the volume's dedication: to Carson's father, who is addressed in both Gaelic and English. Hence, too, the fact that a subtheme is precisely that of fathers and sons, of heritage, disinheritance, blood-ties (with all that such a term can mean), and thus memory. And hence, then, the poised alternatives of memory and imagination, the one exerting the grip of a particular version of history, the other providing for ways of loosening that grip.

My guess is that the tutelary spirit of Louis MacNeice presides over *Belfast Confetti*. MacNeice would certainly nod approvingly at Carson's vivid rendering of the world we daily wake up to. But then granted Carson's panache at handling such material, it's notable that he often strips the similes away and deals out seemingly endless lists: as though he's determined to itemise all the bits of confetti. The result is that by the time you get to the end of the volume you have an almost visceral feeling for Belfast, its streets, pubs, food, talk. Yet Carson doesn't allow this intense concern with the dailiness of things to get in the way of his readings of Belfast's complex history.

Of course, it's been done before, this alert attentiveness to the drawing of maps, the naming, re-naming of (sometimes disappearing) streets, the buried but exhumable roots of a language, the flickering, agonising, healing visions of possible redemption from the past's (or memory's) pincer grip. Yet having said that, I want to add that I don't know that it's ever been better done than in *Belfast Confetti*. I'm perhaps too close to it entirely to trust my feeling that it's a volume of the utmost importance, but that's how it *feels*.

At all events, I'm certain that Carson has established himself as a poet of inestimable value, not least because of his ability to take advantage of language and use it to show imagination can both honour history and point beyond its prescriptions. I don't really want to quote from his volume, because to do so is to lose the power of its connections, and the value of individual poems and prose pieces. But here are the last lines of the opening poem, "Turn Again", which is about "a map of the city which shows the bridge that was never built" (it will crop up again later in the volume):

> The linen backing is falling apart—the Falls
> Road hangs by a thread.
> When someone asks me where I live, I re-
> member where I used to live.
> Someone asks me for directions, and I think
> again. I turn into
> A side-street to try to throw off my shadow,
> and history is changed.

Belfast Confetti might even be the kind of volume that, *pace* Auden, makes the something happen as a result of which history *is* changed.

John Latham's *All-Clear* isn't at that level, but it's such a good volume that on most other occasions it could expect top-billing. I'm not much enamoured of the poems that rehearse an argument for the earth's natural economy. Well done they may be, but for all their local successes "Ocean Song", "Homing" and "Wind-Rider" feel written to order: neat exercises in the knowable. By contrast, "A Truly Global Curry" is a success of imaginative unpredictability from its title right through to its comic, redemptive conclusion, in which the stay-at-home-world-traveller-in-the-mind finds that "the world is broader from a hammock" and "As he dropped onto the floor/and sniffed... realised Miss Viswaneth, from next-door-but-two,/made truly global curry—not a hamlet or a coral reef left out".

The exuberance of this is equalled, though in a different mode, by "As I Lie Dying" and, different again, "Sakata's Final Game of Go" and "Solo Climb", all of them dealing with the grim reaper and all of them finding new things to say about him and new ways of saying them. But the poem which would alone make the volume worth buying is "Whetstone". Here, an old woman recalls her dead husband, their life together and a present loneliness reprieved from desolation by the fact that "You've been a whetstone to my memory so long/it has grown hollow in the centre, like our sandstone step". The unsentimental, teasing ambiguity of that concluding image does honour to her candour as well as authenticating the warmth of her feelings. If I say that it has a quality I associate with Dickens or George Eliot I hope that it will make clear how good I think the poem is.

Just space to extend a welcome to Ruth Padel's engaging *Summer Snow*, especially the poems dealing with Greece in its various aspects: they're part-descriptive, part-personal-impressionistic and saved from being whimsical by a well-judged sense of rhythm in which both line and poem as a whole seem to end in the right place.

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Parisian unhappiness

THREE NOVELS: THE RESURRECTION OF MOZART; THE WAITER AND THE SLUT; ASTASHEV IN PARIS
Nina Berberova
Chatto & Windus £10.99

Carole Angier

Nina Berberova is called the Russian Jean Rhys, and I can see why. These three stories, set (roughly) in Paris in the thirties, are very—sometimes startlingly—similar to *Quartet, After Leaving Mr Mackenzie* and *Good Morning, Midnight.*

In them, spoiled (in both senses) children find that grown-up life is a merciless struggle with poverty, cruelty and exile. Women's only hope of survival is through men. They are divided into the slim, chic, happy ones who are kept by rich, kind lovers, and achieve the "Parisian happiness" of pleasure; and those who fall through to a wretched, bitter underworld of poor men, and wonder with "anguish and horror" how life can have dealt with them so cruelly. Even Berberova's imagery of this fall is Jean Rhys's: "You're in deep water," says the slut in *The Waiter and the Slut,* "and you don't know how to swim."

Looked at more closely, however, the resemblance fades. Jean Rhys is much narrower, more intense, more physical; she is much more French. Nina Berberova is more political, more philosophical; and—despite the tightness of these tales—more discursive. Especially in the middle, most Jean Rhys-like story, *The Waiter and the Slut* (set, like *Good Morning, Midnight,* during the 1937 Paris World Fair), she tells us everything; only in the first, *The Resurrection of Mozart,* and (less) in the last, *Astashev in Paris,* does she achieve the mystery, and so the terror, of Jean Rhys.

To me (as you see), the first and shortest novella is the most successful. Nine Russian émigrés sit in a garden outside Paris as the French army begins its retreat in 1940. They are (like most Berberova characters) ordinary, absurd, ugly people. They talk about what the dead would say of the present, and whom they would resurrect: Pushkin, Tolstoy, Uncle Lyosha ("Wouldn't he be surprised?"). Maria Leonidovna chooses Mozart, "because she connected that name in her mind with her earliest childhood". The next day Paris is cut off, soldiers arrive, refugees stream past carrying sewing machines, pet dogs, hay. A man walks into her house; and for days he hides there, sleeping, not speaking, except to thank her, and to say that he is a musician. When he leaves she cries; and joins her friends to flee "murder, occupation, devastation and darkness".

This theme of decline from "the purity of childhood" to error, loss and death haunts all three tales. In *The Waiter and the Slut* Tania hardly starts high, with a distrustful, discontented father and a mother she can't distinguish from her friends. She marries a man because he prefers her sister; he dies, "swollen from beatings", in a ward for the dangerously insane. She goes from bad man to worse, until she ends with Bologovsky the waiter, who is "poor, tedious and old". Nothing in her life has been "worth regretting, or worth loving"; "Everything's old and worn out." Finally, the desire for death, the other dominating theme in these stories, claims her. Jean Rhys is just as dark; but not, I must tell you, so dismal.

With *Astashev in Paris* we are back, I think, with the Nazi menace threatening Europe. Astashev is a soft, clean, clever man who believes in nothing and loves no one. He sells life insurance, bringing people news of their inevitable end. "Sit back a little, gravedigger," says his stepmother, "I can smell the corpses on you." Briefly he is tempted by marriage; but when Zhenya kills herself he feels "liberated from a nightmare", and returns with relief to pornographic films. He dreams of order and discipline, of advanced people, of "the perfected mechanism"; of a time when there will be just Astashevs: "Astashevs, Astashevs and more Astashevs."

It's a powerfully written nightmare; they are all powerfully written nightmares. But more nightmarish than Jean Rhys, because without what Ford Madox Ford called her "terrific, almost lurid, passion for the underdog". What Jean feared and loathed she knew was in herself; for Berberova it's still in other people.

Gulag without barbed wire

AVERTING THE APOCALYPSE: SOCIAL MOVEMENTS IN INDIA
Arthur Bonner
Duke University Press £16.95

Radhakrishnan Nayar

"India contains all that is noble and everything that is disgusting," Jawaharlal Nehru once said. Arthur Bonner is a veteran American journalist whose book gives ample evidence of both these extremes.

Recently, the coalition government in Delhi, pledged to end criminality in Indian politics, was broken up by the mass resignations of ministers confronting the Deputy Premier with charges of abetting political criminality on a heroic scale, and was then put together again with the accusations somehow waived. India can sometimes seem impossible to take seriously. But anyone who doubts that there is an India infinitely more serious and interesting than that of the political tricksters of Delhi should read Bonner's book.

This sort of investigative journalism about India rarely reaches western readers. Bonner shows the fearful close-up significance of phenomena such as religious rioting and caste-based violence, which are normally relegated to the back page here. His strength is his passionate, unrelenting focus on what matters: his will, from first to last, to describe the hell endured by hundreds of millions of Indian poor, never shying away from the frightful things with which their existence teems. He does this largely through the views of the voluntary social activists trying to help them. He himself is remarkably self-effacing. Only the barest details are given of his arduous treks across India to interview scores of obscure activists.

The word *apocalypse* in Bonner's title is for once fully justified: India's social predicament is nothing less than apocalyptic. We see a Gulag without barbed-wire, set up by impersonal economic factors, which consumes people as ruthlessly as any Russian concentration camp, a Gulag almost as big as Indian society itself, made up of a destitute peasantry spilling out of an overcrowded countryside, ravaged by environmentally reckless economic activity, into an urban hell where no laws hold except those of the jungle.

The pitiless aspects of this unimaginable sea of squalor and suffering emerge in the words of activists trying to set afoot social reform from the grassroots: such as this about the life of Bombay pavement dwellers: "It is the women who suffer the most hardships *vis-à-vis* the lack of proper latrines, bathing areas, water supply... it is [the woman] who is blamed if she or her daughter is raped when they go out, in unlit darkness, to relieve themselves... it is she who must bear the wrath of demolition squads... and after demolition, it is her sari, tied to bamboo poles, which shelters the family from the sun."

The Indian political system and its personalities are not described formally; one gets a true sense of their quality indirectly, through facts emerging in the assessment of other subjects: such facts as the kickbacks paid to the electoral funds of political parties by those who control a prostitution industry which plumbs the depths of cruelty and sorrow. Most striking, both in the cities and in the countryside, is the sheer brutal lawlessness of the haves, often with state connivance, in this country often blandly billed as "the world's largest democracy".

Bonner's portraits of social reform activists provide an element of hope and nobility in his bleak picture. Their resilience and courage are astonishing. The case of Manimala, a woman journalist in Bihar writing in Hindi, who exposes the criminal misdeeds of politicians, police and *actual* criminals, in alliance with one another, despite the very real possibility of being murdered in the most brutal manner for her daring, is only one of many examples of obscure heroism. Journalists are routinely tortured and murdered for exposing corruption in high places; it takes great courage to function as an honest journalist in many parts of the world's greatest democracy.

In the circumstances, it may seem frivolous to suggest that the book would have been still better if the author had never heard of Antonio Gramsci. Bonner uses Gramsci as a label for the notion, pervasive in his book, that idealists working for grassroots reform can, without involvement in the political system, transform

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society for the better. Many turgid gobbets of "Gramscian" rumination are scattered through an otherwise fascinating, vivid and highly readable text. Given the nature of Indian politics one can understand this anti-political stance, but it should be remembered that in Europe large-scale social reform was effected by the rise of the labour movement.

This reservation aside, I would strongly recommend this book as giving a truthful picture of India today.

Bridging the gap

MOSCOW GRAFFITI: LANGUAGE AND SUBCULTURE
John Bushnell
Unwin Hyman £9.95 paperback/£28 hardback
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Vitaly Korotich and Cathy Porter (editors)
Heinemann £9.95

Matt Seaton

Those cynics who have been saying that *glasnost* is simply so much window-dressing for the benefit of the west have hit on a half-truth: for the second time this century we have become, in Hans Magnus Enzensberger's resonant phrase, "tourists of the revolution". Both of these books, quite different in scope and focus, reflect an unconscious desire on our part to find ourselves, our values and our way of life reflected in the emerging new picture of Soviet culture and social life.

In *Moscow Graffiti*, John Bushnell traces the burgeoning youth culture's adaption and adaptation of English-language pop culture for its own subterranean semiotics. Meanwhile—at several removes from the demotic preoccupations of Moscow's graffitists—the pro-reform *Ogonyok*'s collection of concerned and campaigning journalism will warm the hearts of progressive liberals everywhere. Its sensitive, intelligent reportage of child labour, organised crime, suicide and so on, could comfortably slot into the "society" pages of our own newspapers and journals.

The point at which these two books do overlap is most revealing. Vitaly Eryomin's alarming report on adolescent sexual violence relates that "there are literally thousands of basements and bomb-shelters, throughout Moscow, to which teenagers go to drink alcohol, sniff glue and take drugs". But John Bushnell is unflappable: he knows a moral panic when he sees one, and social deviance is his stock-in-trade. After the gang excesses of Chicago or Los Angeles, the domestic Soviet product looks fairly tame, and Bushnell sometimes exchanges his professional academic detachment for an air of knowing condescension.

Wasn't it Stalin who said that the Soviet Union was 50 to 100 years behind the west, but that it had to bridge the gap in just ten years? John Bushnell's study attests that young Muscovites are doing their best, but that their best

isn't always good enough. Marek Kohn, writing in the *Independent on Sunday* recently, told how Billy Bragg was mortified to find that the *fanaty* of Boris Grebenshchikov—one of the USSR's few authentic, home-grown rock stars (and thus the object of much graffitist adulation)—were desperate to get hold of Jethro Tull's latest album.

Some of Marek Kohn's mischievous gossip would have lightened *Moscow Graffiti*, which wears its burden of scholarly respectability heavily at times. While *Ogonyok* sets out purposely to air the aspirations and grievances of ordinary Soviet citizens, all that John Bushnell has in common with the young Muscovites of whom he writes is a passing interest in the same piece of wall. In time-honoured academic fashion, he seems content to rely on purely textual reference—"readings" of the graffiti themselves and secondary source material (publications like *Ogonyok*). The approach it epitomised by the incongruous reproduction of individual graffiti, each with a correspondingly idiomatic inscription, such as "Figure 4.6(d)".

In contrast to this dry documentary, *The Best of Ogonyok* brings us an epic drama of truth triumphing over falsehood. This central dynamic, identified by *Ogonyok*'s editor, Vitaly Korotich, in his foreword, surfaces again and again. One of the anthology's most memorable pieces, an interview with the composer, Alfred Schnittke, articulates the human cost of perhaps the only commodity that the Soviet system, until recently, produced in abundance—falsehood: "You can transform any true idea into a lie simply by repeating it over and over again, like a sort of happiness pill."

This seems to provide an answer to the letter from a man who is thrown into confusion and disorder by his son's innocent question about the meaning of the slogan "Proletarians of the World, Unite!", which he finds at the front of so many Soviet journals. Vitaly Eryomin should count his blessings: at least the Moscow youth are not swallowing "happiness pills" these days.

Never a dull garment

SELECTED PROSE OF LOUIS MacNEICE
Alan Heuser (editor)
Oxford University Press £25

Patricia Craig

"I was born in Belfast between the mountain and the gentries..." says Louis MacNeice in his poem about Carrickfergus, "Thence to smoky Carrick in County Antrim..." Quite a few images from this poem—the Chichester Transept in the Church of St Nicholas, the salt pier, the huge camp of soldiers, the bayonet practice and so on—recur in the prose memoir with which this collection is rounded off. One of the strands running through the book is that of vivid autobiographical writing, from the chapter entitled "A Personal Digression" (originally inserted into the middle of MacNeice's book about London Zoo) on. This digression takes MacNeice back to Belfast, which he finds less forbidding than he'd expected (he didn't have very jolly memories of his Northern Irish upbringing—"mud and puritanism" was the atmosphere he chiefly recalled).

There are 51 prose pieces assembled here—an ample supplement to Alan Heuser's *Selected Literary Criticism of Louis MacNeice*, which came out a year or two ago and enunciated a few of the principles governing the MacNeicean view of things: for instance, the poet's pleas for "impurity" in poetry, to accommodate all the adulterations of modern life. It was counterproductive to hold yourself aloof from ordinary everyday hustle and vulgarity, as far as MacNeice was concerned. So in the current collection, we find him shouting his head off at football matches and going to live in Birmingham—"all insipid colour, patches of emotion, Saturday thrills", as he puts it in the poem he wrote about the place.

Selected Prose also contains some enticing travel writing and a marvellous series of "London Letters", originally published in the monthly *Common Sense*, and dealing with the exigencies of life in the blitz—taking in all the elation, misery, resilience, outrage and surrealist effects of that strange time. Joining in the controversy over the decision of W H Auden and some other expatriate authors to stick to America, instead of hurrying home to be bombed, MacNeice comes down on the side of Auden; what matters is artistic integrity, not a fussy or purposeless patriotism.

Selected Prose takes us up to the year of MacNeice's death (1963), and includes some sardonic side-glances at public occasions, such as President Kennedy's Irish visit and all the attendant ballyhoo, and a Joycean fashion show in Dublin—"Molly Bloom", "Martello" and all—"there was," MacNeice observes, "never a dull garment." It's this dryness of approach, along with insight and wit, that makes him a social commentator of such soundness.

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Motherly monarchy

QUEEN VICTORIA: GENDER AND POWER
Dorothy Thompson
Virago Press £6.95

Pat Thane

One reason for the survival of the British monarchy through all the changes of the 19th century must be the length and conduct of Victoria's reign. It is certainly interesting to speculate what would have happened had Victoria died young and William IV been succeeded by the next in line, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland: a fanatic Protestant, high Tory, opponent of the Reform Bill, suspected murderer and certainly a man of extreme violence. In short, pretty typical of Victoria's Hanoverian "wicked uncles". One of Victoria's earliest pieces of luck was the death of her father (forcibly retired from the army for cruelty so gross that it caused mutinies among officers and men). This enabled her to be brought up by her much wiser, German mother, with her maternal uncle, the liberal Leopold, later King of the Belgians, as mentor.

By the time of Victoria's accession the unpleasant habits of the Hanoverians were rendering them personally (though not necessarily the monarchy as an institution) fairly unpopular. Dorothy Thompson's purpose in this excellent, thoughtful and readable book is to ask why the monarchy not only survived but became stronger through Victoria's long reign; why republicanism has been so weak in Britain; and what difference it made that Victoria was female.

Part of the answer to the first two questions lies in the character of English radicalism. From the 18th century, through Chartism and radical Liberalism to the early years of the Labour Party, its stubbornly persistent core was defence of human rights and liberties against autocratic central power, and the building of a—preferably decentralised—democracy. For most radicals, achieving this was more important than attacking an apparently benign institution, which was expected to wither from disuse once democracy was achieved.

Ernest Augustus might have tried their patience, given the chance. Victoria effectively reinforced it through her intelligent, self-conscious and well-advised handling of her role from her accession. She publicly dissociated herself from the appalling Hanoverian men, apparently consciously juxtaposing her image of youth, purity and femininity with theirs. And the assumption that a woman would not meddle in politics lulled remaining republican qualms. She did meddle, of course, sometimes vehemently, throughout her reign. She always regarded herself as a liberal, though not a democrat. She disliked high Tories, the high church, racist attitudes and had little time for fox-hunting landed society. She was proud of creating the first Jewish peer. In consequence she did little to offend radical sentiment.

She also fought consciously to preserve the monarchy, alert to the republican threat, however slight. Hence her absolute refusal to abdicate. Bertie had inherited too many Hanoverian traits to be trusted with the throne. She was assisted by Albert, who was another piece of good luck; and after marriage projected a new image of motherly monarchy, seeking to nurture a unified British nation. Her withdrawal of affection during the decade after Albert's death brought about a mild revival of republicanism, combated, under the direction of Disraeli among others, by the invention of a succession of magnificent spectacles and traditions. In her last days she was the focus of a larger imperial consciousness, the Empress Mother of a family of nations.

The conscious manipulation of symbolism, on which the survival of monarchy has so much depended, made full use of her gender. She has also suffered for her gender at the hands of historians and contemporary critics. The image of the court of Victoria and Albert as dull, prudish and middle class compared with romantic Regency revels, is well dismantled by Thompson. A stereotype has been constructed and Victoria has been assumed to conform to it, though the evidence is strongly against it. Victoria liked to enjoy herself and she was tolerant of deviations from sexual propriety when they did no serious harm, as Bertie's would have done to the throne. She clearly enjoyed sex and missed it when Albert died, at least until she formed her relationship with John Brown, which Thompson has little doubt was sexual—in effect a stable, supportive second marriage.

On closer inspection, Victoria, like many of her subjects, was quite unlike the stereotypes. The most valuable feature of this book is its revelation of the ways that she and others used gender stereotypes to preserve the monarchy, while the same stereotypes have obscured interpretation of her role.

Opening-up of the body

IN MEMORIAM TO IDENTITY
Kathy Acker
Pandora £12.95
DIRTY WORK
Larry Brown
Penguin £4.99

Guy Mannes-Abbott

In Memoriam to Identity is something of a wonderful riot, in spite of its title. The book divides into the three stories of "Rimbaud", "Airplane" and "Capitol". All the familiar Acker is here, sex shows, the living as dead, f-words, the Burroughs factor, dislocation and diatribe. The longest section is a fairly straight run-through of the Rimbaud myth. It takes his biography as structure, and the love of Verlaine as a core. His "I am an other" is the motif pervading the book.

Rimbaud also provides the model for "identity" which is repeated in all of the stories. It is something wrung out in childhood by lavish sexual abuse and victimisation. It is exorcised through the usually literal "opening up" of the body into the imaginary. "To be a poet is to wake inside someone else's skin." The body is an article of faith for Acker: "The word is blood." In the stories of Airplane and Capitol, sex and lots of it is their strategy for survival. Capitol's story "has something to do with opened-out flesh". Theirs is a circuit of sado-masochism and industrial sex.

Airplane returns to New York, declaring the death of "identity", to live a new life "not in terms of content, but form". Her story, like Capitol's, is a formal departure for Acker. She has put discordance to work, producing a narrative wit that seduces with style. Both are written in a breathless shorthand which delivers a fractured but assured prose. The effect is dramatic, and these pages are Acker's most literary.

Acker disclaims "romanticism", and yet emerges here neither New or Neo, but an old romantic. She junks "identity" and memory, to embrace the "unknown" and the imaginary. The book is prefaced with a declaration of her legal right to be seen as the author of this text based on others. Superbly ironic, it also suggests a control that makes this her best writing.

Brown is not identified as the legal author of *Dirty Work*, though he graciously acknowledges his sources too. This is just as well when you mix *Johnny Get Your Gun*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—the movie—and a pinch of "dirty realism" past its sell-by date.

In the current chapter of Hollywood's Vietnam, the Oscars are going to the veterans. Brown's nominees are both Mississippi boys who tell their stories over a day and a night. Walter James is quintessential "white trash" left with half a face, and a brain full of scar tissue that triggers potentially lethal seizures. *Dirty Work* is his story; Brown quickly gives up on black Braiden Chainey who has lain limbless for 22 years. The book is composed of two monologues and Chainey's mostly crude fantasy about a mythical Africa. He confides in a colloquial Jesus that he is waiting to die, and finds a Saviour in the reluctant James.

Brown is best on home territory; his evocation of growing up Mississippi "white trash" is funny and vivid. Here, identity is that familiar thing that you lose after debilitating injury, and gradually piece back together. It is composed of dignity, realised in memory, and constitutes "life". Chainey's life has no dignity and his identity is compromised heavily by a wandering mind. Walter James drinks out his "death sentence" trying to obliterate his past.

Dirty Work is a compelling narrative, though Brown is no stylist. This has all the flawlessness of a creative-writing programme, with none of the airy restraint of, say, a Carver. If he is chasing literary stakes, he would be well advised to forget about movie rights.

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PUBLIC INTEREST

Vicious circle

The housing minister needs a lesson on the cause and effect of homelessness

Nick Raynsford

The spectre of homelessness has haunted British housing policy for much of the past 25 years. Since *Cathy Come Home* in 1966, it has rarely been off the agenda.

Paradoxically, the screening of *Cathy* came at the very moment when post-war housebuilding reached its peak. Almost 450,000 new homes were started in 1967, for the first and only time, over 200,000 of them in the public sector. The homeless derived little benefit from this level of building, because at that time they were virtually excluded from mainstream housing. The supply of new council homes was overwhelmingly allocated by housing departments to people being displaced from clearance areas, to existing council tenants needing a transfer, and to waiting-list applicants.

The homeless, by contrast, were dealt with separately by social services departments. If accepted, they were generally offered temporary rather than permanent accommodation under conditions that had changed little from those applied under the Poor Law. This separation of the homeless from mainstream provision reflected the conventional view that homelessness was the product of personal inadequacy or social deviance, rather than housing shortages or the malfunctions of the market or allocations systems.

During the 1970s, this view was challenged with increasing confidence. Responsibility for the homeless was transferred from social services to housing departments, the emphasis began to shift from temporary to permanent housing, and the 1977 Housing (Homeless Persons) Act gave some limited legal rights for homeless people. Their prospects of being housed had previously depended on the accidents of geography and the whims or colour of the local authority. Although some groups, notably the single and childless, remained largely outside the benefits of the act, in general the decade saw the homeless join the housing mainstream.

Recent government policy and ministerial pronouncements suggest a reverse swing of the pendulum. In a flurry of publicity, Michael Spicer, most recent in a bewildering succession of five housing ministers in four years, announced a £15 million initiative to tackle homelessness. This did not include any measures to increase the pitifully inadequate level of new housebuilding for rent. Fewer than 30,000 new homes were started by local authorities and housing associations *combined* in both 1988 and 1989, and the prognosis for 1990 is even worse. Indeed, the government has set its face against any new council housebuilding at all, while presiding over the drying-up of the housing association programme as a result of mismanagement by its "quango", the Housing Corporation.

Instead, Spicer's initiative involved funding various voluntary initiatives, including emergency accommodation in church halls or similar buildings. The motive was clear—to "sweep" the streets of the homeless, whose presence provides an uncomfortable reminder, not least to tourists in London, of the downside of Mrs Thatcher's supposed "economic miracle".

Homelessness was seen as the product of personal inadequacy or social deviance, rather than housing shortages

The minister gave several clear indications that the government's thinking is still locked in the old Poor Law attitudes. First he stressed that the emergency accommodation would be simple and spartan: "I do not want these to be magnets which encourage young people to leave home and come to the big cities." The principle of "less eligibility" is obviously alive and well in the Department of the Environment.

So too is the tradition of driving the undeserving poor out of the parish. In stating that "we are determined that there should be no excuses for sleeping out on the streets of big cities", Michael Spicer gave a hint that the government wants tougher action, presumably through the Vagrancy Act, to clear the streets.

Third, he argued that homelessness was a problem which "at its roots has little to do with housing as such". Social factors, specifically "the break-up of the family", are in his view "the overwhelming single cause of homelessness". In the case of the single homeless, Spicer wishes to discourage "a premature and misplaced sense of independence". If only they can be forced to return to their homes, one hears, the problem will be resolved.

Sadly, for the minister, the reality is very different. The admittedly patchy evidence of the agencies working with the single homeless indicates that for a substantial number there is no possibility of going home. In many cases, including the large numbers with a background in care, there is no home to go back to.

With families, Spicer may well be misled by a superficial reading of the official statistics. "Family disputes" have accounted for a large though not overwhelming proportion of the homeless accepted by local authorities in recent years. Had he taken the trouble to look at any of the major studies of homelessness, though, he would have found that the reason recorded by local authorities for people presenting as homeless is usually only the last link in a chain.

So families who have been forced to share overcrowded accommodation with parents or relatives, while waiting in vain for a council letting, will be recorded as a family dispute case when the temporary sharing arrangement breaks down. The real reason for their homelessness, as for the single, is the lack of accommodation available through other channels.

Here we come to the other paradox in council allocations and homelessness. Whereas, 25 years ago, the homeless were generally denied access to the much larger supply of council lettings then available, as council lettings decline, the homeless are taking an ever-increasing proportion. This reflects the statutory obligation of councils under the 1977 act.

As the homeless come to take more of the dwindling supply of lettings, so the number available to waiting-list applicants reduces still further. As this channel narrows, so the number of families becoming homeless through lack of alternatives goes on increasing. In this vicious circle, homelessness replaces the waiting list as the main route to council housing.

The logical response must be to break the circle by expanding the supply of council housing. This, of course, would require the minister to recognise that homelessness is the product of a shortage of affordable housing; and that the government has a responsibility to remedy this. On the evidence of recent years, it's doubtful if the minister will stay long enough in post to grasp these intellectually challenging notions.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 071-739-1645.

THE JOINT COUNCIL for the Welfare of Immigrants (JCWI), which advises and represents people with immigration and nationality problems and campaigns against the racism in immigration control, needs help on a regular basis with photocopying, sending out publications, bookkeeping and other administrative tasks. Training (in data processing, if interested), travel and lunch expenses provided. Please tel. Phoebe or Roland on 071 251 8708.

GOOD IN EMERGENCIES? Volunteers are needed to staff a 24 hour helpline providing assistance to people detained in police stations in Southwark. No legal knowledge is necessary. You will be given training in emergency procedures. Please contact Knox Daniel on 071-738 7105 (24 hour answerphone).

CHILD POVERTY ACTION Group, Britain's leading anti-poverty group, needs volunteers to despatch publications. One day a week. Hectic, friendly environment. Expenses + training given. Call Debbie: 071-253 3406/3709.

HUDDERSFIELD GAY Switchboard are looking for new volunteers to listen to callers who phone us on issues such as 'coming out', relationship problems, HIV+/AIDS, and to meet callers face to face. Volunteers must be gay men or women. Call (0484) 538070 any Sunday eve between 6 and 9 pm.

VOLUNTEER PIANIST needed at Sefton House Home for the Elderly, Burscough, Lancashire. We have a good piano, itching for its ivories to be tickled—can you come and play sing-a-long songs for us once a week—once a month? All expenses paid. Interested? Ring Barbara Evangelista at Sefton House, Burscough (0704) 892203, or Barbara McLaren (0772) 264199.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS ARE needed to work with homeless people at our emergency, short-stay hostel based in East London. We need women who can give up some of their time, during the day, to help with the smooth running of the hostel. We are also in need of volunteers to help run a "Women's Drop-In" on Fridays between 11am and 2pm, where we run activities and cook food for the homeless women that use the drop-in. For more information, contact: Jacqueline Spark, Volunteer Coordinator, Providence Row Housing Association, 50 Crispin Street, London E1 6HQ. Phone: 071-247 4030

ARE YOU AN EXPERIENCED Accountant? Prepared to give a couple of hrs p/week to a very worthwhile cause? Selby House is a small, enthusiastic housing project which provides accommodation + support to 12 people with learning difficulties (in South London). We are looking for a Treasurer who will make a real contribution to the project. For more information contact Helen Platts at 6 Derwent Rd, London SE20 8SW. Tel: 081 659 8455.

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION: Article 19, the International Campaign Against Censorship, is looking for bright, enthusiastic volunteers to help in our busy campaigns/publicity department. An excellent opportunity to become involved in important campaigns on a number of countries worldwide. Day and evening work. Based near London Bridge. Travel and meal allowance provided. Call Helen Darbishire on 071-403 4822.

THAMES HELP

Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It appears four times a week on Thames Televison at 5.55 approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

This week Thames Help is looking at bereavement. We have produced a new guide to bereavement services, available from Thames Help, PO Box 2LP London W1A 2LP.

Monday 6th August – CRUSE

Margaret Logue lost her husband when he died of cancer 5 years ago. Since then she has been helped tremendously by the support she has received from CRUSE.
For information call 071-388 8282 or write CRUSE, 126 Sheen Rd, Richmond, Surrey, TW9 1UR.

Tuesday 7th August – SANDS

Tim Kirby and his wife can clearly remember how he and his wife Joe felt when they discovered their first child, Jonathan, had died in the womb. Fortunately they heard about the Stillbirth & Neonatal Death Society (SANDS), which has helped them both to come to terms with their loss. The Society has now produced a leaflet specially for fathers.
For a copy of this leaflet, or for more information, phone 071-388 8282, or write to SANDS, 28 Portland Place, London W1N 4DE.

Wednesday 8th August – FRONTLINERS

Tony Whitehead lost his partner, George, when he died from AIDS last year. Tony found he needed the support offered by AIDS bereavement counsellors who understand the particular problems faced by those bereaved as a result of AIDS or AIDS Related Complex.
For more information, telephone 071-388 8282, or write to Frontliners (the self-help group for people with AIDS), at 55 Farringdon Road, London, EC1.

Thursday 9th August – NETI NETI

Neti Neti, a theatre company based in North London who perform their works in schools, are currently developing a play based on loss and young people. Joanna lost her mother when she died of cancer 3 years ago. Joanna was just 16. As a way of expressing her feelings she wrote a series of poems about her experience. The company would welcome any contributions from young people which will help them in the writing of this play.
They can be contacted by writing to them c/o Thames Help, PO Box 2LP, London. W1A 2LP.

For more information, phone in after the programme on 071-388 8282, or write to the address below.

THAMES TELEVISION

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

CARE IN ACTION Lothlorien (Rokpa Trust). We require caring, hard-working residential volunteers to share their life and experience with people who have mental health problems. We are a small community in a beutiful rural setting in South West Scotland. We have flourishing, organic vegetable gardens, wood lands, workshops and a very relaxed atomosphere. For more details contact: Jane Dewar, Lothlorien, Corsock, Castle Douglas, DG7 3DR.

BLACKLINERS HELPLINE, a helpline, counselling and support service run by volunteers for black people who are HIV positive or have Aids, based in Brixton, south London, really welcomes volunteers from the black and Asian communities to train as helpline and face to face counsellors and buddies. Very worthwhile and stimulating work helping others in the community. If you are interested, call Arnold Gordon on (071) 738 5274 for more information.

THE PARKINSON'S DISEASE Society, through its local branches seeks to help sufferers with the problems arising from the affliction and to provide funding for medical research to find a cure for the disease. Our branches need volunteers to help in this vital work. Contact Rodney Wolfe Coe 081-852 4337

FAMILY COURTS SERVICE are looking for volunteers to help run two Saturday Access Centres in South London where divorced or separated parents come to spend time with their children. If you are interested please give us a ring: 081 672 2682/8812.

BONDWAY NIGHTSHELTER, an emergency provision for homeless men, requires volunteers (aged 18-30) to work for approximately six months. An allowance and accommodation provided. We recruit throughout the year, so welcome applications from those wishing to be considered at a later stage. For further details contact please contact: Volunteer Coordinator, PO Box 374, London, SW8 1SJ and enclose S.A.E.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL for Civil Liberties is looking for volunteers to help paint our building from 30 July - 10 August. Travel and lunch expenses are reimbursed and a good time is guaranteed. If you can help on any or all of these dates, please ring Marie Ryan at Liberty on 071 403 3888.

WE ARE A CZECHOSLOVAK couple looking for volunteer work for at least 6 - 12 months. I am a Psychologist (University grad- uated) and have been working for 9 years at a home for handicapped & deprived children. My husband is an amateur sportsman. We are both 38 yrs old with 2 daughters. Contact:- Annemarie Kajtarova, Zvolenska 34, 821 09 Bratislava, Czechoslovakia.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS Cyrenians are seeking a volunteer to live, work and share their life with homeless people in an exciting new project, providing accommodation for 10 homeless people. Valuable experience will be gained. Volunteers are expected to stay for at least six months. Free board and lodging + generous weekly allowance. Write to Susan Woodward, Project Co-ordinator, Britannia House, 28 Ipswich St., Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP33 1SX for an application form and job description, or telephone 0284 756122.

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Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Telephone: 071-739-1645
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Appointments

CITY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Department of Recreation and Leisure

NEIGHBOURHOOD PLAY WORKER

Scale 4 £9795 - £10,950
(+10% Irregular Hours Payment)

Required to manage, co-ordinate and organise play, relevant resources, including staff and specific play facilities for children in a particular area of the City. The work includes assisting with the determination of priorities via contact with the community, voluntary organisations, and local authority departments. Proven and effective communication and organisational skills are essential. In addition, at least two years' experience (in a paid or voluntary capacity) of children's play services or related work in a community setting is necessary.

A full driving licence without endorsements will be required.

For an informal discussion, telephone Alison Turner (091) 232 8520 extension 6222 or write for an application form and further details to Children's Play Section, 7 Saville Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 8DQ.

Closing date: 14.8.90

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN MULTI-DISCIPLINARY PROJECT

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant to join a multi-disciplinary research group involving the Departments of Sociology, Engineering and Environmental & Occupational Medicine. The focus of the research concerns the interaction of the technical/statutory/sociological aspects of work, communication systems and organisation in the production of oil and gas in the North Sea.

Applicants should have a background in Social Sciences, preferably in the field of Socio-legal studies. The appointment is tenable for one year commencing September 1990. Salary placement on the 1B scale £10,458 - £11,088 per annum, (Pay award pending).

Informal enquiries to Dr Wright, Department of Sociology (0224 272764). Applications by letter and CV (two copies) including the names of three referees to the Personnel Office, University of Aberdeen, Regent Walk, Aberdeen AB9 1FX by 24th August 1990 quoting reference LG/35.

ORGANISING ASSISTANTS

nucps
The National Union of Civil and Public Servants

The National Union of Civil and Public Servants is seeking to appoint Organising Assistants at its Head Quarter. One post is permanent and the other is to fill a vacany till the end of December 1990. The Organising Assistants will give support to the Union's Organising Officer to recruit new members to the Union and assist specific branches, districts, groups and sections with improving union organisation. The Assistants are to provide a central resource for organising campaigns, membership consultations and work place ballots. In the course of their duties, the Assistants will be required to travel away from Head Quarter, sometimes for lengthy periods of time.

The salary scale is £13,307, £14,214, £14,844 plus inner London weighting of £2,169 per annum; 30 days annual leave and non-contributory pension.

For further information and a copy of job description contact: **Lilian Beattie, Organising Officer, NUCPS, (telephone 071-928 9671). Applications and CV should be sent to the Personnel Manager, NUCPS, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 OTU to arrive not later than 13th August, 1990.**

If possible, please give a daytime telephone number.

NUCPS STRIVES TO BE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

Immigration/Work Permit Adviser

A vacancy exists initially for six months within CHAT, the RCN's Counselling service for nurses, for an Adviser to provide an immigration and work permit service to overseas trained and student nurses and other bodies who may be concerned with the care and welfare of overseas nurses.

Applicants should have previous experience in advising individuals on practical matters with specialist training and experience in immigration. A statutory nursing qualification would be an advantage. Good commmunication skills, the ability to work as part of a team and a sensitivity to nurses of all ages are essential.

The salary for this position is £13,973 - £16,553 pa inclusive of London Weighting. Conditions of employment include 28 days' holiday and a non-smoking environment.

For further details and an application form telephone 071-409 1244 (24 hour answerphone) quoting ref: RCN/1342, or write to the Personnel Officer, Royal College of Nursing, 20 Cavendish Square, London W1M OAB. Closing date: 15th August 1990.

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As a matter of fax; 071-739 9307

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WEST MIDLANDS HEALTH SERVICE MONITORING UNIT

RESEARCH OFFICER

(Current salary range £12,747 - £13,614)

The West Midlands Health Service Monitoring Unit is a Birmingham based research unit which investigates and reports upon matters of concern for the maintenance and development of public health care in the West Midlands. The unit is funded by eight West Midlands local authorities.

The successful applicant will have good research and organisational skills along with an awareness of current developments within the health service. Experience in writing articles/reports is an advantage.

For application form and further details contact Sarah Bidwell or Matthew Taylor on (021) 236 0483 (24 hours).

Closing date August 24th

Interview date September 5th.

BONDWAY HOUSING ASSOCIATION

BHA

PROJECT WORKERS

Bondway Housing Association is a growing organisation with a firm commitment to single homeless people who may also have histories of mental health problems. It currently consists of a large emergency night shelter, 6 semi-supportive group homes and 3 high care projects (consisting of 9 houses). The high care projects primarily support single homeless men over 30 years of age, with long histories of homelessness/mental health problems, with the aim of providing individualised care and support, whilst empowering residents to regain control over their own lives.

We invite applications for the vacancies in the Night Shelter and the high care project located in Wandsworth, for mature and experienced persons with commitment to community care, residents welfare/rights and team work, to be part of the established teams. These positions require flexibility, communication/inter-personal/informal counselling skills, experience of team work, and knowledge of mental illness/homelessness. Experience of working in a residential setting is desirable. Experience is valued as much as formal qualifications.

WANDSWORTH CARING HOUSES TRUST: 2 Posts (Ref: WC 2)

Currently there are 3 houses with 30 residents and 6 staff. WCHT provides shared accommodation and offers support to the residents in a stable and secure environment to regain the skills.

BONDWAY NIGHT SHELTER: 1 Post (Temporary up to March 31, 1992). Ref: BN 1 T

Bondway night shelter provides emergency accommodation to 120 single homeless men over 30 years of age.

Salary: £12,669 to £13,782 (pay award pending) NJC Pt. 24-27

For application and further information contact K. P. Nagulesan or Nick Dunne on 071-582 6202/3.

Closing date: August 16, 1990. Interview: W/C August 20, 1990.

BHA encourages applications from all sections of the community regardless of ethnic origin, gender, sexual orientation, spiritual belief or any disabilities, but regrets building not suitable for wheelchair access.

Irish in Greenwich

The Irish in Greenwich Project

Community Development/ Welfare Advice Worker

This progressive voluntary organisation in SE London requires an innovative person, experienced in community development, welfare advice, information, and advocacy case work to work with the Irish community.

Applicants should have a knowledge and sensitivity to the needs of the Irish community.

Salary Scale 6: £12,579-£13,374 inclusive of London allowance.

Application forms available from:

The Irish in Greenwich Project,
115-123 Powis Street,
London SE18 6LJ.
Tel. 081-317 1435

Closing date: August 27, 1990.

The Irish in Greenwich Project is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

YOUTH WORK – at risk!

YMCA

Cambridge YMCA has been awarded a significant grant by Cambridgeshire Social Services to set up from scratch a project for the benefit of 'at risk' young people aged 5-16 years of age in the city of Cambridge and the south and east of the county. The aim of the project is to enable these young people to reach their full potential using primarily the best resource available – themselves.

We will be appointing two full time qualified YOUTH WORKERS with bright ideas and enthusiasm, plus experience of working with 'at risk' young people, either through small group work, or through outward bound activities (particularly canoeing), who will be sympathetic to the Christian aims and purposes of the YMCA.

SENIOR PROJECT WORKER

£12,618-£15,858 pa* **YMCA Scale C**

PROJECT WORKER

£10,728-£12,996 pa* **YMCA Scale B**

(*Cost of living increase now due)

For an application form (returnable by 23rd August) plus details of both posts, write to Nigel Fenner, Cambridge YMCA, Gonville Place, Cambridge CB1 1ND.

Cambridge YMCA is an Equal Opportunities Employer

DRUG/ALCOHOL REHABILITATION WORKER

LEY COMMUNITY

(OXFORD)

The Ley Community is a nationally recognised drug and alcohol rehabilitation centre, near Oxford.

A vacancy has arisen for a staff member in a small, established staff team. Relevant experience in caring for people with difficulties would be an advantage; however, the successful applicant will also undergo a six month training period. In return, we offer a very rewarding career.

Salary scale £8,181-£11,301. Starting point depending on qualifications and/or experience. Annual holiday – 5 weeks. A resettlement grant of £500 may be available for those not currently living within a reasonable distance of the Ley Community.

If you feel you are right person for this vacancy, please write for further information and job description to:-

Elizabeth Glencorse, Assistant Director, Ley Community, Sandy Croft, Sandy Lane, Yarnton, Oxford OX5 1PB. Closing date for applications: August 17, 1990.

The Ley Community strives to be an Equal Opportunities Policy Employer.

University of Sussex

University of Sussex Students Union seeks to appoint a

Welfare Development and Training Officer

This is a new post created following a thorough review of the Students' Union Advice and Welfare Services.

As Department Manager the successful applicant will be responsible for the management and development of the Advice and Welfare Unit including advice and administrative staff. A thorough knowledge of advice welfare and academic issues is essential as is previous management experience.

Candidates will need to demonstrate an ability to organise and implement training initiatives for both staff and student volunteers. The post holder will also be expected to liaise and maintain contact with other welfare agencies on the campus based just outside Brighton.

Salary will be in the range

£11,244 to £15,460

For further information please contact Elinor Mitchenall, The Personnel Office, Sussex House, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9RH: 0273 678201

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EUROPEAN PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY

Following the appointment of Dianne Hayter as its Head of Office, the EPLP (formerly the British Labour Group in the European Parliament) is now looking to complete the appointments to its seven-strong team of staff.

With 45 MEPs the Labour Party is the largest single Party grouping in the European Parliament. We play an active part in the Parliament's Socialist Group which, in turn, constitutes the largest political bloc in the Parliament. The vacancies are for:

Parliamentary Officer (Brussels and Strasbourg)
This post will be based in Brussels but the person appointed will be expected to travel to Strasbourg for the monthly Parliamentary sessions, and to other venues as required by the Parliament's business. The Parliamentary Officer will act as Deputy to the Head of Office and, specifically, will work with British MEPs to further EPLP policies. The person appointed will therefore be expected to acquire a first-rate knowledge of the Parliament's procedures and timetables, and be able to relate them to the workings of the Commission, the Council of Ministers and other appropriate agencies.
The salary will be £18,343 (ref POBS)

Press Officer (Brussels and Strasbourg)
This post will be based in Brussels but the person appointed will be expected to travel to Strasbourg for the regular Parliamentary sessions, and to other venues as required by the Parliament's business. The Press Officer will work with British MEPs to obtain appropriate media coverage for the work of the EPLP and its individual members, particularly at Euro-constituency level.
The salary will be £15,900 (ref PROBS)

Press and Campaigns Officer (London)
This post will be based in London. It will have a special responsibility for developing the domestic media profile of the EPLP and for assisting with the promotion of the EPLP's work across a broad range of domestically-based organizations having an interest in EC affairs.
The salary will be £17,900 (ref PCOL)

The successful candidates will be Labour Party members who combine a proven track record with measured enthusiasm for the new political possibilities opening up within and around the EC. The appointments are being made on broadly similar terms and conditions to those applying to Labour Party staff.

Applicants should submit a typewritten cv outlining what they consider to be the relevant aspects of their political and employment experience. Wherever possible the names and addresses of three referees should also be provided in a covering letter. An ability to write clearly and concisely will be important. In that light applicants are asked to limit the size of their cvs to no more than three sides of A4. Please indicate on your envelope the reference letters of the job you are applying for. Shortlisted candidates will be called for interview early in September

Please send completed cvs to:
Alan Donnelly MEP, European Parliamentary Labour Party,
European Parliament UK Office, 2 Queen Anne's Gate,
London SW1H 9AA,
no later than 10th August 1990.

SOCIALIST GROUP

CERTIFICATE COURSE IN EDUCATIONAL FACILTIATION

A course for Care Workers in Schools and Colleges. Expected Validation by South Bank Polytechnic.

Contact Mr Brian Mason, Hallicwick College, Bush Hill Rd, Winchmore Hill, London, N21 2DU. Tel: 081-360 2442 or 0767 312345.

THE CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY

A few places remain for the 1 Year Introductory Course starting October 1990 (one evening per week). Applicants preferably professionals in Health, Education, Social Work or related fields. Details & Application Form from Chairman, Training Committee, C.A.P., c/o College Hall, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HZ.

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Albyn Housing Society Ltd.

HOSTEL PROJECT MANAGER

NORTH of SCOTLAND

Salary: £12,810-£15,411

++++++++++++

Albyn Housing Society is a major provider of general and special needs Housing in the North of Scotland. We are about to open a residential project for people with learning difficulties in Alness, a small town about 20 miles from Inverness.

We need to recruit a Project Manager with the following abilities:

— Experience of working with this client group.
— Experience of Managing and Training Staff.
— Good Administration and Communication skills.
A commitment to providing a good quality of life for the project residents.

Highland Region is one of the most beautiful and exciting areas in Britain to live and work in. Help with relocation expenses will be considered for the successful applicant.

Please write or telephone for an information pack and application form to the following address:

The Director,
Albyn Housing Society Limited,
Invergordon Business Centre,
Cromartie House,
98-100 High Street,
Invergordon, Ross-shire IV18 0DL.
Telephone (0349) 852978.

Closing date is Wednesday, August 15, 1990.
Interviews will be held on Friday, August 31, 1990.

Albyn Housing Society Limited is working towards Equal Opportunities in Housing and Recruitment.

NEWHAM ALCOHOL ADVISORY SERVICE

seeks to appoint

EDUCATION DEVELOPMENT WORKER

(35 hours per week)

LGS SO2 scp 32-34, £16,461 to £17,388

The person appointed to replace the current postholder will be responsible for developing, planning and carrying out NAAS's training and prevention programme. She or he will have experience of planning and carrying out training courses, identifying training and education needs, and working on own initiatives. She or he will also need a high level of communication skills.

Closing date: August 16, 1990. Interview date: August 23, 1990.

DOCKLANDS DEVELOPMENT WORKER

(17.5 hours per week)

LGS Scale 6 — SO1 (£13,659 to £16,014)
pro-rata (£6,830 to £8,007)
depending on experience

The person appointed to this post will have skills in the following areas: team work, communication, organisation, prioritising and liaison and have experience of working on their own initiative. The postholders's main task will be to develop and carry out prevention work in the Docklands.

For further information contact:

Newham Alcohol Advisory Service,
7 Sebert Road, Forest Gate,
London E7 0NG. Tel 081-519 3354.

Closing date: August 16, 1990. Interview date: August 24, 1990.

NAAS IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

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A compilation of the best of our famous Weekend Competition 1979 - 88

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Robin Ravensbourne

The hand that wears the boxing glove cannot lift the vol-au-vent to the lips.

Bill Greenwell

Ayatollah Khomeini: I like to see a shapely pair of legs on a woman.

D.M. Stobbs

If you missed out, you can order your copy by sending a cheque for £2 (to cover admin, P&P), made payable to New Statesman & Society, to: Owl in a Sack, NS&S, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ. *Generous discounts for bulk orders.*

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Volunteers

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR Disarmament (CND) requires volunteers in the following areas: the new fundraising unit, distribution and sales department, central office. Lunch and travel expenses provided as well as a friendly working atmosphere, and the occasional chance of paid work. Please contact Laura or Lorraine on 071 700 2393 or write to 162 Holloway Rd, London N7 8DQ.

NICARAGUA HEALTH FUND urgently needs volunteers during the month of August to help stuff envelopes on Wed. evenings after work. Small, friendly office near Oxford Circus tube, tea, coffee and chocolate biscuits. Phone Joy or Sarah on 071 580 4292 or just come along after 5.00 pm to 83 Margaret St, London W1N 7HB.

Work Abroad

EMIGRATE/WORK ABROAD
Essential information on Australia, Canada, Europe, New Zealand & USA, including potential employers.
Send Stamped Addressed Envelope for details and prices to: Bridget Harrison, Walker & Walker Emigration, 10 Westminster Ave, Kirkby, Notts. NG17 7HY.

Holiday/Travel

ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE HOLIDAY Course in Cornwall. 7th - 12th August. Details from Alan or Refia. 071 226 5805/071 226 1815.

PRAGUE: S/c well-equipped flat. Sleeps 4. 15 minutes city centre by convenient Metro. £120 per week. For details: 071-833 3056.

GUEST HOUSE IN SPAIN:- Splendid country house on the edge of traditional Catalan coastal resort. Cool terrace, wonderful garden, fine food. B&B&D approx £150 pw. Tel: 071-249 3727/010 3472 321202.

Personal

SINGLE 25+ Whether you're looking for romance, or new friends, you will meet more people at London Epicureans' convivial DINNER PARTIES. Phone 081-367-1896, or 081-346-9255.

Heartsearch

OPEN-MINDED, ATTRACTIVE, black-wellied lady, (44) with cultural leanings and unusual job seeks companionable, cheerful, non-stereotype man (40 - 50) interested in people and social issues to share theatres, classical music, photography, real countryside and unpackaged holidays. Photo appreciated. (Hants). Box (27) 333.

MAN (61) warm hearted, intelligent, imaginative, attractive - seeks a sensual, slim or medium-build woman, any circumstance, for pleasurable stimulating friendship. Please write to Box (26) 321.

PLAYWRIGHT: talented, late developer (almost posthumous.) Educated cockney. Passions: writing, love/lust, sun, music, teaching adults. Seeks woman with own passions. Box (26) 322.

IDEALIST, DIVORCED MAN, FORTIES. Unready for commitment seeks happy sexual relationship with bright, lusty woman. London/South, wherever you like. Box (28) 345.

SCOTS/ENGLISH WOMAN, retired professional, slim, warmblooded, openminded - interests include music, walking, politics - seeks agreeable man for friendship initially. Central Scotland. Write to Box (30) 366.

SELF-EMPLOYED GRADUATE MALE, cheerful though tied in empty relationship, seeks female (40s?) to come fill up his senses. Not necessarily like a storm in the desert, a fresh breeze would do. Midlands/South Yorks. Reply Box (30) 367.

ACADEMIC, ATTRACTIVE, slim divorced woman, 47, West London seeks stable relationship with unattached older solvent man, successful, cultured. Box (30) 368.

LONDON WOMAN, PERSONABLE, intelligent, independent, middle-aged, (fiftyish) interests include Arts, travel, walking, seeks warm, friendly man for stable relationship. Please write to Box (30) 369.

LADY LAWYER, London domicile, oriental, petite, vital, young and attractive 30s seeks educated, intelligent, considerate gentleman. Photograph and telephone please. Box (30) 370.

ATTRACTIVE, ARTISTIC, hardworking, intelligent male, 34, would like to meet single female for friendship, adventure and fun. Yorkshire. Please reply to Box (30) 371.

WOMAN, 52, seeks highly educated man: with main concerns intellectual; main interests philosophical; main purpose understanding; and only criterion, truth. Box (28) 352.

BRIGHTON MAN, Young 53, tallish, slender build, solvent, interests politics, Third World, travel, fun, seeking female relationship and whatever ensues. Reply to Box (30) 372.

MALE 49 (SMOKER) London SW based. Considered humorous and intelligent but tiny at 5'7". I seek a lady companion to share evenings and laughs. Age/looks etc. less important than warmth and patience. Enjoys theatre, cinema, music, country walks and pubs. Amateur painter/photographer. Not intense about politics/social issues within my relaxing moments as job heavily involves me. Please write to Box (30) 373.

SOCIALIST WOMAN WANTED, possibly interested in Arts/language(s)/countryside. Male writer/teacher, 58, unattached, pleasant looks, non-smoker, seeks caring, physical relationship. Photo greatly appreciated. London area. Box (30) 374.

UNATTACHED. Not enamoured of "JC" events but would like occasional contact with other Jews? We hold inexpensive house parties in South London (age group 35 - 55). How about joining us? Write to Box (30) 375.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, LIVELY, responsive, divorced, grown-up family, wishes to meet compatible man, 50s-60s, to share warm, relationship and varied interests: music, walking, travel etc. London, Home Counties, but mobile. Box (28) 353.

MUCH TRAVELLED C. ENG. now interested in adult education, seeks n/s female companion, similar interests, politics, music, sport, keeping fit and healthy. Please write Box (27) 335.

HAPPY, INDEPENDENT LADY, tall, slim, warm, attractive, professional, graduate seeks male counterpart, 48-58, to share friends, books, travel, quality time together. Within 30 miles Leicester. Please reply to Box (27) 334.

REGRET NOT WASTED YEARS, the light ahead is bright. Engineer/educationist, mature inquiring mind, seeks similar mate; with, without or wanting family. Age immaterial if spirit young. Box (24) 300.

ENGINEER/SCIENTIST 52, 5'8" short, of decent liberal outlook, divorced, bit overworked, introvert, seeking Europhile brunette, 45+, life sciences/academic, for love, trust and (eventually) conventional responsibility. A self reliant caring father (son 15, Grmr sch. Surrey) interested in classical music, european travel, Sir Joseph Banks and Jim Corbett's country: No arty folks please but Michelle Palin OK. Please write to Box (26) 318.

ATTRACTIVE LONDON WOMAN, independent, intelligent, fiftyish; interested in arts, politics, travel, fun; seeks loving man, any race, for stable relationship. Please reply Box (24) 308.

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Wildly amusing and surreal dialogue—which makes an odd kind of sense—between two or more characters where one has travelled a few seconds into the future and is answering or responding to the *next* question or remark.

A: Prime Minister, I'd like to ask you about the poll tax.
B: Good evening.
A: And the rioting in London.
B: Please, I prefer to call it the community charge.
A: Whose idea was the community charge?
B: It was initiated by a small bunch of extremist fanatics quite out of touch with ordinary people.
A: And who will benefit most from the community charge?
B: Chiefly myself, and a few close colleagues in the cabinet.
A: The community charge could lose you the next election. How do you see your future if this does happen?
B: A poor widow living alone in a great big house.

Simon Herbertson

A: Mr Ridley, what exactly is your view of Europe?
B: Well, it's awfully difficult to take golf-clubs to the continent.
A: And would you describe yourself as sporty?
B: I'm afraid I've never been much of a *Spectator* fan, if you know what I mean.
A: Do you take holiday reading with you on ministerial trips? Some ephemeral publication for a quick dip?
B: Only my briefs, and they're bloody well flimsy.
A: Do DTI civil servants prepare you anything important?
B: Oh, a decent steak and chips. No haute cuisine or any Italian garbage.
A: What's home life like? Do you eat out—or are there meals you make yourself?
B: I've made a hash more than once.
A: Has your career been "ever onwards and upwards"?
B: Oh I think everyone agrees with the solution in my case. Out to grass with a cow who talks bull.
A: What about BSE? The hen scare? Do Mrs Currie's exploits absorb you?
B: Look, they've all got banana brains. The woman knows what she's doing and it's unlike her to chicken out.
A: Mr Ridley, you've recently returned from Europe. How do you and Mrs Thatcher view the Europeans?

Bill Greenwell

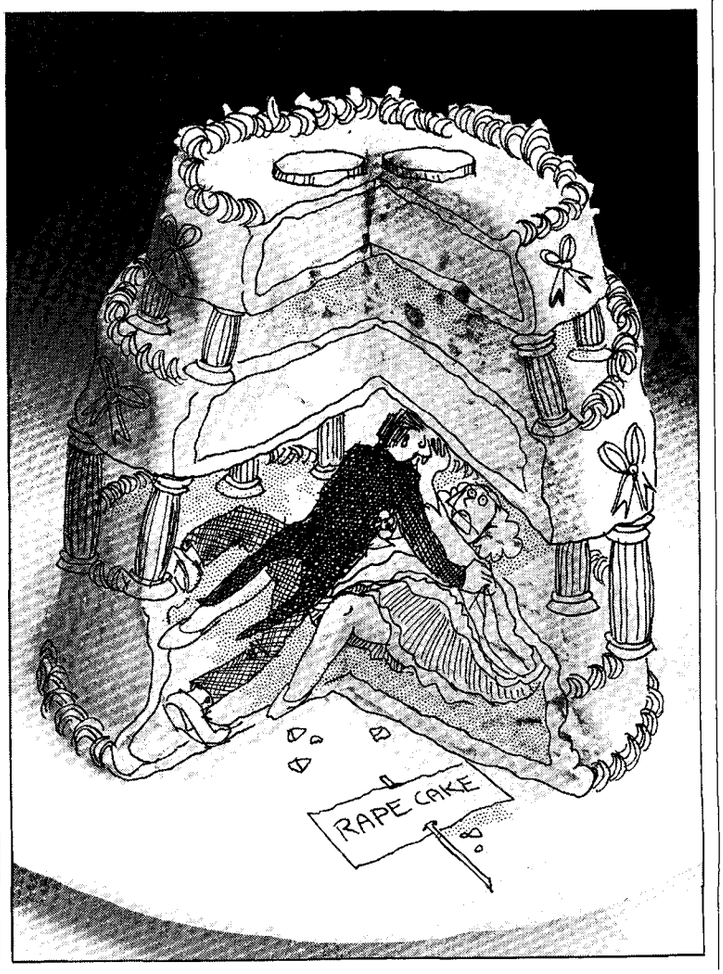
Report by Tom Foolery
OK, I take it all back: you're absolutely *brilliant*. My brain started to crumble just trying to *understand* your entries. (Hint for readers: take it slowly, and use a pencil to trace the course of the dialogue.) Unfortunately, hardly anyone entered, but that could be your customary summer torpor. £15 (or the equivalent in *NSS* shares) per winner.

George Cowley writes to complain: "I didn't understand Katie Mallett's entry for comp 3133 (apposite graffiti, in this case for the *NSS* walls): 'Ms de Meaner is a pseudonym.' So it is, but so what?"

Well spotted, George. On investigation I find that de Meaner omitted the second half of Katie's entry: "Tom Foolery is a pseud." Was this because she wished to spare my feelings? Or because of her celebrated reluctance to share the limelight? I shall quiz her closely when she returns from her annual Norwegian rest cure.

A: Yes.
B: Ready?
A: About ten years ago.
B: When did you first take up a life of crime?
A: I think basically it's the government—you know, the example they set, the way they encourage people. It does give you a start.
B: And why do you think other young people have stayed on the straight and narrow?
A: Sheer bloody stupidity.

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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B: Can you explain, then, why you decided to steal and cheat for a living?
A: Oh, Mrs Thatcher. Definitely.
B: You told me earlier that you feel your parents let you down. Is there anyone who you can look up to and admire?
A: Yeah. The IRA. Them Palestinian terrorists. And that Colonel Gaddafi.
B: Your criminal record includes acts of violence against old people. Is there anyone who in your view would be a legitimate target for violence?
A: Right. Prince Charles.
B: And would you say there is anyone presently giving a real lead to young people in Britain?
A: You must be fucking joking.
B: Well, thank you for giving us this interview. I'm sure you'll eventually find a useful and satisfying role in society.

Beverley Strauss

A: Tell me, Mr Ridley, did you really mean to equate Chancellor Kohl with Adolf Hitler?
B: Oh yes, and the Prime Minister is in that category too.
A: Do you consider yourself pro-European?
B: As long as the bastards don't come into my front garden.
A: How do you feel about all the press camping outside?
B: I'll probably shoot a few rounds.
A: Do you think you'll take up golf now you've got more time?
B: I haven't enough balls for that.
A: Can you tell us what the Prime Minister's real opinion of the German Chancellor is?
B: Yes, a Rottweiler.
A: I hear you have bought a guard dog now?
B: Her bark's worse than her bite.
A: Has the Prime Minister lost authority in the Cabinet?
B: Yes, I can see a large wet patch remaining.
A: I think your dog has done something on the carpet, Mr Ridley.
B: I shall make him eat them.
A: A member of the European Parliament has said that your comments have sabotaged relations with our European partners. How do you respond to such words of criticism?
B: I usually give him two fingers.
A: I gather this dog of yours likes a drop of whisky sometimes?

David Oliver

No 3139 Set by E O Parrott

Nursery rhymes have mostly been based on real events. Let us have one based on anything that happened in the 1980s. By 16 August.

SALAMANCA

COLLINS DICTIONARIES

Copies of the Collins Concise English Dictionary for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 163, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ by 13 August

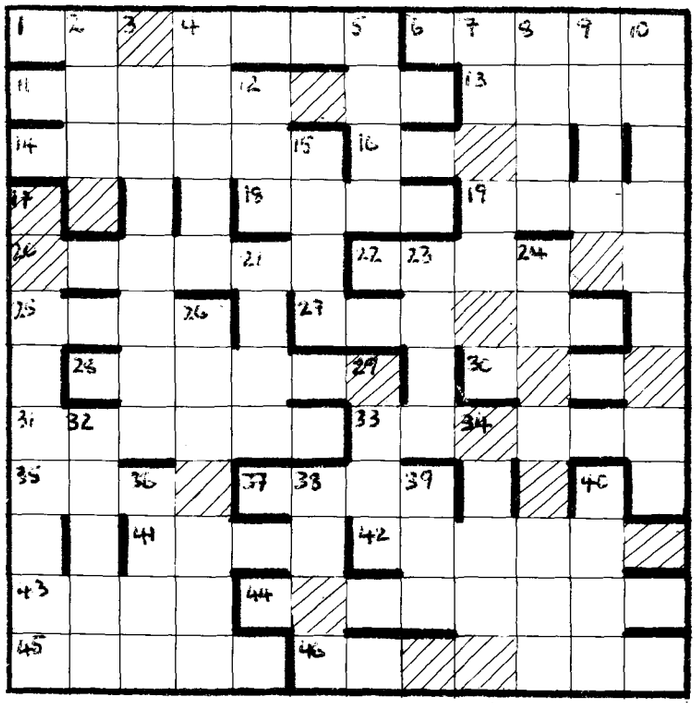
This puzzle celebrates 1, 3, whose creations—46 (along with 7, 45, and 42—have a certain "shabby" immortality. Some clued answers may be entered as if spoken by 14, 17, 35, and the "infamous" 3 x 3 19 may be found (completed) in the completed diagram, and clued etc. elsewhere. Shaded areas of the puzzle in order across (but in cyclical fashion) explain the latter, and unchecked letters in the unclued answers declare I'M MR MARVEL? YEZ!

ACROSS

6. Which false views one has to work at, see? (5)
11. Our modern Jews: ones are wandering miles in distant parts? (8)
13. To ring unnamed secret agent, say, from old postal region? (4)
16. Young girl to go after with love or justice in mind? (4)
18. Oncorhynchus with firm hold (4)
20. Usually cosseted creature, something adored by close companion from the east (6)
22. Here's local exchange where certainly a great number are turned back (6)
25. Ancient taverns containing new lives (4)
27. Vile lag one's put in prison long since (6)
28. Did blunder, being given sticky stuff to eat? (6)
30. Rough sole, black (4)
31. Once-yearly issue for gardeners? (6)
33. Persons in a gang abroad, well-trained and ready (6)
37. Power human beings are seen to have? (4)
41. Said "beg pardon" in turning aside hearing (4)
43. Observe old throne and crown of crowns, say (4)
44. Fluttering shreds of cloth are straggling untidily here—and linger (8)

DOWN

2. One bears little relation to Father (at 13) (4)
4. Portrayed as holy, see this put round (5)
5. Part of coat of arms royalists bore (4)
8. Obstacle for "unspeakable" one following hunt to go over (and cross to the inside!) (4)
9. Sawn wood? That's kept here, och aye (5)
10. Such medicines can cure? Yes and no (9)
12. International group involved in raising of finance etc? (3)
15. This could be what Casca wore: old get-up? (4)
21. Old fellows' Anglian leader? (4)
23. Force with secretive activities by revolutionary attempt finished in uprising (4)
24. Crazily legs go if having exercises—with tonic? (8)
26. A person who'll find you somewhere to live? Oh, sure—easily (7)
29. That short operatic character of Mozart's, sound as a bell? (4)
32. Connecting part of spectacles one's fitted (5)
34. Of mood in progress in short story? (5)
36. Former affliction, note, had by nut (4)
38. Daunt one day with fear mostly (4)
39. Oxygen? (Londonderry one's Irish?) (3)
40. Get fish from parts of lake and tarn (4)



Name

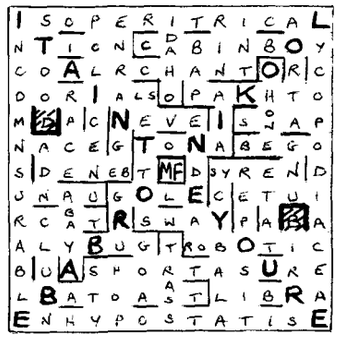
Address

Solution to Salamanca 161

"It ain't ME you're lookin' for, babe" by Bob Dylan

Prizewinners to Salamanca 161

John Grimshaw, London SW18
Myra Stokes, Bristol
John Moore, Manchester



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